





# REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 10

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**Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince  
Charming**  
(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)  
by  
**Rrbao Angel**

# **Synopsis**

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Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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# Chapter 901: Mr. Right

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Cong Nianwei's father felt flattered. He had always thought that Cong Nianwei loved him more than her mother. He glanced at Qin Guan proudly. He is trying to flatter me.

"So what's your plan?"

"Listen to me. Let's decide over dinner. We should register at the Civil Affairs Bureau first. If the legal procedure is taken care of, organizing a banquet will be a piece of cake. Cong Nianwei is hesitant about marriage because of her tight schedule. Unless she is done with the Olympic Stadium, she will have no time to consider this. Of course, we won't miss our honeymoon. Let's just take care of the registration first. It's much easier and it won't take much time. I will only feel reassured when I'm holding the certificate in my hands."

Cong Nianwei's father was really happy to hear this. He burst into laughter proudly. "Just tell me the truth, young man! Are you worried about my daughter abandoning you?"

"Yes! You are so smart, sir! Although we have a good relationship, the realm of love is always changing. I must have the government's approval."

This was the first time Cong Nianwei's father had seen Qin Guan be this sincere. To his surprise, the handsome, rich man could also be nervous sometimes.

Suddenly, his heart softened before the man's feelings and simple personality.

My daughter will be happy with him.

He stood up and patted Qin Guan on the shoulder.

"Don't postpone this until after the Spring Festival. We can do it before the holiday."

"What? Okay! Help me convince her, please!"

"Don't worry, I'm the master of the family."

"Great! Thank you so much, sir. I mean... Thanks, dad!"

I still want to hit him with that wrench!

Cong Nianwei's father returned home regretfully. His wife and daughter were sitting on the couch looking at him. He unconsciously felt guilty.

Before Cong Nianwei's mother could even question him, the traitor told them everything. The master of the family burst like a bubble in the air.

Cong Nianwei's mother lost any interest in the matter and walked to the kitchen with the empty trays, leaving Cong Nianwei in the living room. Her daughter was watching TV carefully.

"Excuse me? Aren't you going to comment?"

"Of course, dad. What did you expect?"

"You should have at least said something about the registration."

Cong Nianwei's mother craned her neck around the kitchen door.

"Qin Guan's parents talked to me about it just a few days ago. It's actually none of our business. It's our daughter's decision to make."

Cong Nianwei's father shot a glance at his daughter eagerly. Cong Nianwei threw a few sunflower seeds back onto her plate.

"Is that all?"

Her parents nodded in unison.

"Okay, but the banquet will have to wait. We can't hold it before the end of 2007."

"That's okay. We are in no rush about that. The registration will make you a legal couple. If Qin Guan dares treat you badly, I will have an excuse to kill him. Besides, people say that he has become rich now. At least you will take half of his fortune if you get a

divorce!"

What a clever man!

Cong Nianwei didn't even raise her eyebrows.

"Most of his capital has been invested into his firm. His shares, real estate and bank accounts are all already in my hands."

"Really?" Her father's eyes sparkled. "May I take a look at them?"

"I can show you the key. They're all in a Swiss bank."

Cong Nianwei stood up, putting an end to that boring conversation.

"We'll go to the bureau." It had been that simple?

Yes, it had.

Cong Nianwei returned to her room and got into bed. The cute big bear from Nanshan Park was by her bedside. The cheap toy was precious to her because of the love behind it.

In Cong Nianwei's opinion, Qin Guan was just as funny as that bear. That was why they were still in love after so many years. He was Mr. Right for her.

Why not start a new chapter of my future life with him then? If that certificate will make him happy, then let's do it.

December 28th 2006 was a sunny day. According to the almanac, it was a good day for a wedding.

It was not a traditional holiday and it was certainly not Valentine's Day, so there were not that many people at the Civil Affairs Bureau of Y City.

# Chapter 902: The Civil Affairs Bureau

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It was an ordinary working day, so the staff went to the office at eight o'clock. The janitor had already finished her job, and the officers were already at their posts.

Actually, getting a marriage registration was quite a simple process. All one had to do was bring all the required paperwork and the staff would help them complete the process.

The first couple they welcomed that day was a little weird. It was a tall man with a pretty girl. They were a good match look-wise, if one ignored the man's clothes.

Although it was a chilly winter day, it was unnecessary for him to wear both a scarf and a hat. Plus, he was also wearing a pair of huge sunglasses. He was looking around nervously as he walked.

He does not seem like a good man.

Sister Li was a government official, so she was a very smart woman. No evil man could fool her sharp eyes.

She was sitting behind the desk, when she asked them worriedly, "Are you here for a marriage registration?"

"Yes."

"Do you have all the paperwork?"

"Yes, here you go."

Qin Guan took all the documents out of his backpack hurriedly and set them carefully down on the desk with sweaty hands.

Sister Li looked at the man suspiciously. She didn't pay attention to the paperwork.

Instead, she said seriously, "Please take off your hat and scarf, young man. Yes, you. I have to check your identity. What are you so worried about? Have you been married or divorced before? Did you lie to this girl? Take them off! Quick! The sunglasses too!"

"Okay! I'll take them off. It's lucky that there is nobody else here."

Sister Li's voice had attracted all the idle officials in the building. They were all used to the funny and tragic incidents that took place at the bureau. Couples went there with all kinds of stories.

They thought Qin Guan was just a con artist.

When Qin Guan got rid of his disguise, Sister Li was stupefied. "I've come here for a marriage registration," he reminded her with a smile.

Sister Li came back to her senses and picked up the paperwork with trembling hands. Her eyes were still fixed on his face.

"Your name is Qin Guan?"

"Yes."

"And you were born in 1980?"

"Yes."

"Did you play Tian Fen in 'Emperor Han Wu'?"

"Erm... Yes..."

All the women on site suddenly went crazy! The girl in charge of taking pictures passed out tearfully and the lady sitting behind the computer hit her head against the wall!

Are you kidding me? I'm here for a marriage registration. Why are you acting like a relative of yours just passed away?

Some of the female staff even refused to help them. They didn't want to personally push their idol into another woman's arms. They didn't want to live with that regret forever.

"So you decided to get married?" someone asked him.

"Yes. My bride-to-be is also a resident of Y City," Qin Guan answered happily.

"Will you hold the wedding banquet here?"

"Of course. This is my hometown!"

All the forms and paperwork were filled as they chatted. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei signed their names and fingerprints in red ink.

"Did you bring a photo of the two of you? If you didn't, we have a professional photographer here. You can take a photo on the spot."

"That's alright, I have one with me. Is this okay?"

Qin Guan took out a photo with a red background. Everyone gathered around him to take a look at it.

Qin Guan had prepared well for the day. On the photo, he and Cong Nianwei were standing shoulder to shoulder with happy smiles.

It was a simple, yet memorable picture.

# Chapter 903: Growing Old Together

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The photo radiated with a subtle warmth. Anyone who looked at it felt happy.

Sister Li took the photo and taped it on the certificate. Then the official seals of the legal registration were stamped on the paper. She pushed the two certificates towards Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei and pointed to the bigger room across the hallway.

This was a new step of the process that aimed to add a sense of sacredness to the ceremony and make couples understand the importance of marriage.

All the couples took their oaths before the national flag and the country's emblem. It was a small wedding ceremony held by the government that added some warmth to the formal procedure.

The couple stood in front of the background and read the words along with the master of the ceremony.

If this had been a fantasy novel, the words would have been a curse. However, the young couple only felt the sweetness of their new reality.

When their last words faded away, the audience started clapping.

"Congratulations, Qin Guan!"

"Thank you all!"

Qin Guan stuffed the certificates carefully into his backpack and took something else out.

It was cigarettes and candy for the staff. This was his way of showing his gratitude.

"Have some candy!"

The room was full of joy. Qin Guan felt like a disposable employee who had finally gotten a permanent job.

"Shall we take a group photo, Qin Guan?"

"We won't let the news leak. When will you make an official announcement?"

"I don't want to hide this from my fans. I'll tell everybody after New Year's. It's not like it's a bad thing."

"Great!"

Everyone ran over and clustered around them. The photographer walked over with the camera.

"Three, two, one... Cheese!"

This photo would become the highlight of their collections.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei went out of the room happily. The noisy hall suddenly became silent. All the crying and smiling couples had fixed their eyes on them. They were blocked half-way through the room.

"It's Qin Guan."

"I know. Why are you whispering?"

"It says 'Talking Loudly Is Prohibited' on the wall!"

Everyone started talking quietly. As Qin Guan approached the exit, a brave man suddenly shouted, "Qin Guan! Are you here for a marriage registration?"

"Of course!"

Qin Guan turned around with a grin. His voice sounded happy and crisp. He looked like the happiest guy in the world.

Everyone wanted to give him their best wishes.

"Congratulations!"

"Thank you!"

Qin Guan shook everyone's hands in salute. Then he left as soon as possible with his beloved wife.

From that moment on, he would be a married man with a burden on his shoulders. From that moment on, his lover would be his family.

We will grow old together.

# Chapter 904: New Neighbors

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As soon as Qin Guan left, noise prevailed in the hall again. The couples who had gotten their registration on the same day as Qin Guan felt much happier. They had gotten married on the same day at the same place. This was destiny.

A young couple who had been planning on getting a divorce exchanged a glance and left silently.

"He got married today. If we parted now, it would bring him bad luck."

"That's exactly what I was thinking. See you tomorrow."

"If you don't show up tomorrow, you'll be a loser!"

They seemed to get along well with each other.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei returned home and found their parents in Qin Guan's living room. When they showed them the certificates, Qin Guan's father handed him a key.

"What's this?"

"The key to your marital house."

"But we have an apartment in Beijing."

"We talked about it and we prefer this city over Beijing. We'll live here until you have a baby. Our friends, neighbors and colleagues all live here."

"Yes. You should have a place where you can stay together when you return for the next Spring Festival. The housing prices in our city are not that high. Don't forget the shares we bought thanks to your advice."

"Your father-in-law bought you a car. We have already tested it out."

As he recalled the new black Audi parked under the building, Qin

Guan was left speechless by their fathers' taste.

Qin Guan took the key and asked, "Where is the house?"

"It's a small villa over the Moon Bay!"

"Wow! Dad, you are really generous!"

Every time Qin Guan drove along Binhai Road, he would see a small villa with white walls and red roof tiles hidden among the trees. It was said that the owners were high-ranking officials who used it as a vacation home. Y City had plenty of fresh air, a really long beach, and lots of juicy fruit, including apples, pears, grapes, cherries and figs. Plus, the seafood there was amazing.

Their parents must have used all their social connections to buy that villa. Their love for their children was that strong. Although they had gotten married and started their own business, they were still kids in their parents' eyes.

Qin Guan accepted their gifts calmly, just like their emotions.

After their marriage, they would be considered adults. Thanks to their parents, they now had their own private home. When they reached the entrance of the villa, they realized it was unfurnished. There were only some fine decorations.

That villa was different than the one they had in Beverly Hills. In the US, the owner of a mansion usually owned all the neighboring area. The houses around it were not desolate or uninhabited, but it was rarely that one saw a single person and one hardly ever visited one's neighbors.

However, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei could now watch their neighbors' activities from their balcony. The villas were so close to each other that they could even see the clothes hanging on the balcony next to theirs.

Their presence attracted their neighbors' attention.

"No. 7 has been sold!"

"Seems like it. A young couple? Their parents must be rich."

"It must be their marital home. I saw the wedding decorations on the gate."

"Ha! Only retired people would enjoy living here."

The district was not new. Because of the nice location, it had actually been developed way back, so most of the owners were familiar with each other by now. The original owner of Qin Guan's villa had moved abroad. That was why their parents had been able to buy the villa.

As a result, the neighbors were very curious about the newcomers. They were all rich, so they were concerned about their living environment. After some careful observation, the most clever of them noticed something strange.

# Chapter 905: Good Neighbors

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"Don't you think our new neighbor looks familiar?"

"Yes, he looks like that movie star..."

"Qin Guan!"

"Yes! We have a superstar in our neighborhood!"

"Yes. Look at Grandpa Sun! He got on the rooftop with his bodyguard just to confirm that it's him!"

"So did Grandpa Tan. They are the closest to Qin Guan's villa!"

"There's no rush. We can wait to find out."

Grandpa Sun and Grandpa Tan owned the villas on either side of Qin Guan's house. As Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were looking forward to their future and making plans for decorating their new house, the two old men had climbed up to their rooftops. They naturally caught Qin Guan's attention.

An old man in a frock was standing cheerfully on the rooftop next door. A bodyguard in green was close to him. They looked like soldiers reconnoitring an unfamiliar terrain.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked confused. Grandpa Tan burst into laughter.

"Stop showing off, Sun! This young couple is not our kind. They have no idea about your great achievements. Plus, you forgot to show off your medals. Take off your coat and dazzle them like me!"

Grandpa Sun covered his face. Every time he tried to show off, Grandpa Tan ruined it for him.

Qin Guan turned to the left and saw another old man in a frock. The two of them looked like twins. The only difference was that the one on the left was not as reserved. His medals were sparkling on his chest.

Qin Guan was younger than them, so he had to greet them first.

"Hello, Grandpa Sun and Grandpa Tan. I'm your new neighbor, Qin Guan."

He turned left and then right to greet them both.

"How are you, young man? You look kind of familiar."

"Yes, I must have seen you somewhere before."

I already told you my name.

It seemed like the two old men didn't remember his name.

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. Qin Guan waved at the men awkwardly to put an end to the conversation. All three of them had failed to show off.

On their way back, Cong Nianwei kept making fun of Qin Guan. Qin Guan decided to work harder to become even more famous.

As soon as Qin Guan's car left, the two men on the rooftop resumed their conversation.

"What the f\*ck... I'm getting down, Sun. Could you please climb on the roof in the summer next time? It's really cold!"

"You deserved it. Don't copy me the next time I try to greet a new neighbor!"

Their neighbors scolded them for not getting any useful information about Qin Guan.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan's wish came true. After the Spring Festival, his two films were finally in theaters.

The uncut version of "Lust, Caution" had been banned by the SARFT because of its erotic scenes.

After cutting about 10 minutes of the film though, the movie was eventually approved. Unsurprisingly, it caused a sensation in China.

Actually, the film found the right audience in North America.

Young people there were more educated when it came to sexuality, and most households had special TV channel for adults. That was a common occurrence there.

However, China was a traditional country that was gradually opening up about sex. Some inappropriate measures had twisted the discussion.

After three days, the film was pulled from theaters by the SARFT because of the public's reaction.

# Chapter 906: The Guidance Of Public Opinion

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The film was a combination of art, plot, acting and the complicated emotion of human desire, so it was classified as an adult film. People were discussing passionately the erotic scenes between the actors. Most men only focused on Tang Wei's boobs though.

The female audience was much crazier and braver than those wicked men. They used photos of Qin Guan's naked chest as their screensavers. Thanks to the internet, they were able to search for the full version of the film in Hong Kong and Taiwan. The short version had aroused their interest.

Chinese people preferred things to be partly concealed, so the film's nudity became the hottest topic online, overshadowing all other big news. Photos and videos of it went viral immediately.

Tang Wei became widely known, surpassing even Qin Guan's fame. She was suddenly considered a pioneer of sexual liberation. She had finally succeeded and attracted the attention of the SARFT in the process, which was good for Qin Guan.

Qin Guan let out a long sigh of relief.

As soon as he entered his office though, he got a call from the SARFT.

"Hello, is this Mr. Qin Guan?"

"Yes."

"This is the movie-approving department of the SARFT. I would like to confirm whether the gossip online is true. Did you violate your original application during the filming process by shooting overly erotic scenes?"

"No."

"Did Director Lee ask the actors to shoot realistic scenes for the sake of shock value or the plot itself? Did you have more intimate physical contact with the heroine than necessary?"

That's a good question. You might as well ask me if we had sex.

Qin Guan had to clarify the issue. He was not an adult film actor after all.

That question insulted both the director's professional ethics and Qin Guan's profession.

Thus, Qin Guan said seriously, "Absolutely not! I would never do that. I'm a professional actor and a moral man. I have my limits. If you do not believe me, please give me half an hour so I can prove my innocence."

"Really?" The girl on the other end of the line couldn't remain calm any longer. After a short silence, she lowered her voice and said, "I'm a fan of yours, Qin Guan. I believe you. Can I know how you will prove your innocence? Do you have any video evidence? Has Ang Lee threatened you?"

Qin Guan smiled.

"I would like to keep it a secret for now. If you want to find out, try checking my microblog."

Then he hung up.

You have gone too far, SARFT!

Qin Guan did not want to clarify the issue because of the SARFT's investigation or for Ang Lee and Tang Wei. He cared more about his family. A happily married man would never do that!

Qin Guan called Wang Liying and Sister Xue immediately and discussed his marriage and the gossip online. The two women did not object to his decision.

# Chapter 907: Sharing Happiness

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Thanks to Qin Guan, the trends of the entertainment circle had changed. Stars had started announcing their relationships proudly one after the other. They had realized that it would not harm their popularity. Their fans were actually happy for them. As a result, more and more stars began to show off their boyfriends and girlfriends.

That was why Qin Guan's agents didn't find his decision bad. They were actually delighted to hear the news, which would undoubtedly make him even more popular. This would also put an end to the gossip online.

Soon, Qin Guan's blog was updated.

"We got married!"

In the photo, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were standing at the entrance of the Civil Affairs Bureau. They were smiling happily at the camera while holding the certificate in their hands.

The news spread really fast. In two minutes, the phones in every office started ringing nonstop. Everyone wanted to confirm the news. The staff answered the calls one by one. Half an hour later, the wave had passed.

The news made the headlines of every magazine and website entertainment section. They had broken so suddenly that some people even passed out on their toilet seats.

It had been a peaceful, quiet wedding that their parents had approved of. Now that the news had been published, the strangers that had witnessed the ceremony that day could tell others about the whole process. It was like a good night's sleep after suffering from insomnia.

Even more details were gradually revealed. The staff of the bureau started talking. Some guy even posted the candy Qin Guan

had given out that day.

"As a newcomer to the Civil Affairs Bureau, I admit that I thought the rest of my life would be really boring."

"I originally wanted to be a freelancer, but my parents persuaded me to work as a photographer for the bureau. I only took ID photos."

"Just as I had started to question the meaning of my life, I saw the light."

"Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei arrived at the bureau early that day. He wasn't arrogant, despite his fame and fortune. He was like a normal citizen. He just finished the whole procedure carefully."

"When I saw his nervousness and sweetness, I suddenly felt that my work was meaningful. Isn't it a worthwhile job to help lovers join for life?"

"I want to thank Qin Guan for inspiring me and giving me that candy. I have not touched it to this day. I thought the best time to open it would be when he announced the news."

Under the article was a photo of a small package that had been opened to reveal the candy inside. The man seemed to be a really professional photographer. All the users had left positive feedback about his work.

A group photo followed. Everyone was smiling happily in it. This was the first time the blog users were seeing Cong Nianwei clearly.

# Chapter 908: The Different Fate Of Two Movies

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She was pretty, but a little cold. The man standing next to her was smiling at her like silly. Their locked fingers showed their deep feelings, and the subtle expression on their faces revealed their love. Love was an emotion one couldn't disguise or fake.

Cong Nianwei leaned against Qin Guan slightly with a faint smile, expressing her emotions for him shyly. The couple was very much in love with each other. Nothing was more precious than that.

Congratulatory messages flooded Qin Guan's blog from all directions.

"Our idol got married!"

"Congratulations from Beijing!"

"Congratulations from Shanghai!"

"Congratulations from... "

The happy fans didn't forget to question the gossip online, which ceased immediately. There were still evil people and individuals that liked making their presence known though.

"Qin Guan is using his marriage as a shield."

"So many actors have love affairs these days..."

Qin Guan's fans didn't hesitate to talk back.

"It must be nice to hide behind your keyboard."

"Only mean people always think the worst of others."

"Exactly. You must be a sleazy person."

When some volunteers tried to tack the user's ID, Chi Hailin turned off his computer with a shiver.

This seemed to be his final failure. The girl I love got married, and the groom was not me.

She had married the right person. Chi lowered his head before the harsh reality.

Meanwhile, the SARFT had misunderstood Qin Guan's reasons for releasing the news. They thought this was his response to their call. In their opinion, he was setting a really good example for the entertainment circle.

Thus, Qin Guan's name was omitted from the prohibiting order of the SARFT, who shifted its focus to Tang Wei instead.

Qin Guan's actions inspired other stars, who saw that he had become even more popular now. As a result, everyone started revealing their relationships with ordinary girls, young men and assistants. It was like a funny theater play. Everyone took advantage of the situation to show their sincerity.

In the end, Tang Wei turned from an unknown actress to a popular topic of conversation. As far as Qin Guan knew, she had received offers from at least four international brands. That film had turned a sparrow into a phoenix.

Everyone laughed and cried. As Ang Lee became popular and shocked the entire continent, Director Jiang Wen suffered a devastating failure. Both the film's box office and reviews were awful.

There was nothing left to say. Even Qin Guan's erotic scenes outshadowed the other film.

His film was open and vivid, while the other one was restrained. The audience did not have a hard time choosing between the two. Plus, Jiang's work was quite obscure. Most of the audience walked out of the cinema confused.

Everyone was interested in seeing Qin Guan's butt though. Everyone also took great delight in talking about it.

# Chapter 909: An A-Level Film

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The audience was impressed by Qin Guan's hips. However, during an interview with audience members coming out of the cinema, a girl said that she wasn't quite clear about the meaning of the story.

"I'm clear about the plot, but the title of the film was really strange. The combination confused me."

"Exactly. We came here for the handsome protagonist. Maybe a more sophisticated person would get it."

Eventually, some scholars gave an explanation for the common audience. Unfortunately, their explanation confused the audience even more.

Qin Guan received a call from Director Jiang Wen.

"Qin Guan, I have suffered a great loss."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Director Jiang."

"I stopped you this time. Without you, it would have been even worse. I think I have to lay low for a while. If I don't win an award in Venice, no producer will work with me in the next few years."

"Really?" Qin Guan adjusted his posture on the couch. "Did you forget your other profession, Director Jiang? You are a good actor!"

"You are right, Qin Guan. I'll collect some money for my next film by acting!"

Qin Guan didn't know how to comfort the man. As he had said, people wouldn't watch his films again anytime soon.

One had to prepare before getting to work. Qin Guan was shortlisted at the Venice Film Festival for his leading roles in both of his films.

It was hard to understand the judges' train of thought. After so

many years of rejecting him, they had finally given him two important opportunities.

If he won the Best Actor Award in Venice, Qin Guan would achieve a Grand Slam in Europe.

He was in an unprecedentedly good mood as he took care of all his affairs and left his wife behind reluctantly. He would fly to the festival by himself.

Due to his fear of being forced out of work in China, he had accepted a new Hollywood film. Its title was "I Am Legend".

This would be Qin Guan's first sci-fi movie. Unlike his previous body double job, this time he would be the real hero of a post-apocalyptic movie.

Plus, this would be his first film with a budget of over 100 million dollars. According to the standards of the Screen Actors Guild, although he had already been a star worth a 10-million paycheck, he had never been involved in a big-budget film before. This would also be the first A-level film with an Asian protagonist.

Nobody could predict the film's box office success. The reason Qin Guan had been cast as the lead was that the film required outstanding acting skills. Qin Guan would basically be reciting a monologue. The other actors only played small parts in the film.

As the producer and the director had been looking for a young actor with extraordinary acting skills, a number of famous directors had recommended Qin Guan.

Thus, the lucky guy had gotten the part. His interpretation of the original version and the two previous adapted scripts impressed director Francis Lawrence.

Francis had been shooting sci-fi films for more than 10 years. He was basically obsessed with them.

Qin Guan convinced the picky director by sending him a video recording a man living alone in a post-apocalyptic world.

His back was against the sun. His eyes looked as blank as a piece of paper. Francis was so moved that he convinced the two producers to replace Will Smith with Qin Guan.

The producers approved the plan unanimously, as Qin Guan had a very good reputation in the circle. They were so confident about him that they invested 150 million dollars on the unique sci-fi film, which surprised Qin Guan. He wondered why a film with basically one actor would cost that much.

# Chapter 910: A Great Film

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Qin Guan only realized what a huge production it was when he met the crew in New York. The film would be shot in real locations in New York.

This basically meant that a no-man zone would be created on the bustling Washington Square amid a city with a population of more than 10 million. It would take unimaginable manpower and resources to achieve this.

The Brooklyn Bridge would also be blocked. Almost 1,000 figurants would be participating in the film. The crew had even borrowed all kinds of weapons and aircraft from the army.

The producers had submitted applications to 14 different government departments, including the New York municipal government, to get approval. One million dollars had vanished overnight. That was why the budget of the film was 150 million.

Qin Guan was under great pressure, especially when the crew brought in a German shepherd. Qin Guan forced a smile at the dog.

Suddenly, a miracle took place.

The strictly-trained army dog wasn't hostile towards him. It just looked down at him.

Yes, it looked down at him.

Dogs were a close relative of wolves. In each wolf pack there could only be one alpha. The old dog considered itself the alpha as soon as it met Qin Guan.

Thus, no tragedy occurred when Qin Guan got close to the dog. The alpha even allowed Qin Guan to pet the hair on its back.

"Good! It has accepted you," the trainer told Qin Guan.

Qin Guan smiled the happiest smile he had in 2007. Does this mean that animals no longer detest me? Could I get a pet for Cong

Nianwei?

Just as he fell in deep thought, the director asked everyone to get into position. The crew began filming amid the early New York spring.

Ford Motor had invested a lot in the production. The company was in charge of all the cars that would appear in the film. The audience would not be averse to such a product placement, as the gorgeous cars would add elegance to the film.

That day, Ford Motor brought its latest sports car, the GT500. The car was shining red, which added glamor to the depressing setting.

It would be Qin Guan's car during the scene. Only such a high-functioning sports car would be able to chase deer in that complicated urban terrain.

Deer? Yes, a bunch of lively deer.

The square was closed for the afternoon. All the neon lights had been turned off, and the prop team had decorated all the streets in the area with artificial weeds.

The crew had spent a lot in order to create an apocalyptic world without normal human beings and a collapsing, decaying city.

Wild animals had occupied the city when their natural enemy had left. They had instinctively scoped out the area before invading it.

Of course, all the credit belonged to the prop team, which had bought a bunch of deer from a farm that specialized in deer breeding. The deer included a strong leader and some young.

The crew would only have six evenings to finish filming on the square, so they couldn't waste any time.

According to the script, Qin Guan would have to chase after the animals in the car until he disappeared from the frame. Suddenly,

the assistant director ran over to Lawrence and told him there was an emergency.

The square had been barricaded, but there was a crowd around the barricades that extended in all directions.

Qin Guan's fans had heard about the barricaded area and gathered there to cheer on their idol. Some fans had even travelled there from other states or counties.

# Chapter 911: Thank You All

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Qin Guan had been living and studying in New York for several years, so his fame was still expanding there. Those crazy fans had gone there with flags and slogans to cheer on their idol.

"Qin Guan, my love!"

"Qin Guan, welcome back!"

Individuals, teams from Columbia, and other organizations had crowded around the site, which now looked like a demonstration venue. Some passers-by had also gathered around.

Although the crowd was standing behind the lines, some crazy fans could still attack the crew if they wanted. Such an incident would be a disaster, so Director Lawrence decided to dismiss the fans and expand the barricaded area.

The assistant director rejected the idea immediately, for fear that it would anger the fans. He proposed another idea instead.

"They've come here for Qin Guan. We were not able to keep our shooting location a secret. I could just ask him to appease his fans. If they're satisfied, then everything will be okay."

Lawrence looked convinced. "Okay, let Qin Guan try."

Qin Guan agreed to the plan without hesitation. He had his own idea about how to handle the situation. As he approached the line, a short figure at the front of the crowd confirmed his speculation.

Xu Xiaoxiao was Qin Guan's best friend in the US, so every time he returned to New York, he would show up immediately. Qin Guan never hid his schedule from him.

Xu was standing among the group from Columbia, waving a flag.

Although he felt helpless, Qin Guan still put on his warmest smile.

"Hello, everyone!"

The fans were shocked. They had only expected to catch a glimpse of Qin Guan from afar, yet their idol was standing right before them.

Qin Guan sure was a considerate guy.

After a short silence, everyone suddenly burst into cheers.

"Qin Guan is here!"

"This is the first time I see him in person!"

"I'm the happiest person in the world!"

"Qin Guan! You are the pride of Columbia!"

"Qin Guan! We love you!"

They all screamed and cried, hugging each other tightly.

Qin Guan waved at them with a smile.

"Thank you all for coming here to cheer me on. As you can see, this is a big-budget production. No one would block the whole square just for me. This is definitely special treatment. Even the president would be jealous of me."

The fans burst into laughter before gradually calming down.

"As you know, this is my first A-level film in the US. This is the best production that any Asian actor has ever participated in. This is a milestone in my career, so I'm really lucky to have you with me right now."

"Thanks to you, I'm not bearing this pressure alone. You are here to help me face this challenge. I hope you can stay and give me your positive energy while I shoot my first scene."

"You will not regret this trip. Today, I'll give my best performance for all the people who love me and I love."

"Thank you all."

# Chapter 912: A Beautiful Misunderstanding

---

When Qin Guan put down the loudspeaker, he received a thunderous applause.

"We'll follow your advice!"

"We'll stay with you forever!"

"More NG!"

Qin Guan nearly fell on his way to the car.

This idea is unacceptable. If the director finds out, he'll kill me. God bless! Everything has to go well. Money is on the line!

Qin Guan came back to his senses when he heard the roar of the GT500. The dog was already sitting on the passenger seat silently. Qin Guan fastened his seat belt and looked at the director.

"First scene, hunting deer in the city. Three, two, cameras!"

Qin Guan stomped on the accelerator to start the car. The helicopter in the air got to work.

One of his hands was on the steering wheel, while the other was holding a rifle. The dog was a good partner. It turned around to cast a look at Qin Guan.

It seemed to Qin Guan like it was saying, "I want to feel the wind, master."

Qin Guan opened the window. The dog craned its neck outside to enjoy the breeze.

Actually, it was a beautiful misunderstanding. In the dog's mind, he was the alpha.

The bravest, fiercest dog in the world glanced at its servant. "Hey, you. Your boss wants to get some fresh air. This car is too small."

The servant opened the window obediently.

He seems like a good servant.

Thus, both the human and the animal were satisfied. The director gestured at his assistant to release the deer. The leader of the pack rushed up to Qin Guan's car.

Bang!

The deer dispersed in all directions. Unfortunately, a young deer had hit the car.

"They are coming!"

Qin Guan was really excited to see his prey. He made a sharp turn without hesitation and went after the running deer.

Up until that moment, silence had prevailed on the set. The only thing people had been able to hear had been the roar of the engine and the sound of the deer's steps.

Now people saw abandoned buses, broken-down military tanks and collapsed buildings through the camera. Everything was covered by high weeds.

A terrible disaster must have struck the flourishing city, which looked completely isolated and uninhabited.

Qin Guan was smiling at the camera as he went after his prey. The deer looked really energetic under the sunshine as they ran around the empty city.

Anyone would feel helpless and desolate in such a setting. This was a lonely life after all. No living things interacted with Qin Guan. He had to be strong to stand the lonely life of that dead city.

The director, the crew and the fans remained silent. They all felt depressed and desperate. Their emotions were like rocks resting on their hearts.

Xu was the first to come back to his senses. He broke the silence by whispering to the people around him, "I have no idea how the movie will turn out, but this scene showed me that it will be a

meaningful film. I'm already tired of shallow American blockbusters. This drama has inspired me."

The girls from Columbia shot appreciative looks at him. He had convinced them that he was a sophisticated guy. If a couple of blonde girls asked him out, that would be a good enough compensation for the trip to Lausanne.

It was funny. The last time Xu had returned to New York, he had been very contented. He had spent a large amount of money though. Wang Liying had calculated and added the cost of Qin Guan's trip.

The poor guy had been told off by his grandpa for the extra expenses.

As Xu was busy talking to the girls, the scene went on. When the deer stopped, Qin Guan hit a buck with his rifle. As he went to collect his prey, he saw several giant beasts. Those were lions!

Of course, the lions were not real. They would be added later with the use of special effects. Qin Guan just acted like he was frightened.

# Chapter 913: Who Likes Vegetables?

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There were no more than 10 meters and a few worn-out cars separating them. Lions were basically large cats, so it would only take them a couple of leaps to reach him.

Although Qin Guan had a weapon in his hand, he didn't take any action. A small head emerged between the grown lions. Qin Guan's heart softened under the setting sun.

He took a look at his watch and the family of three and sighed. He yielded his prey to them.

Life was hard for both animals and humans. Plus, when the night fell, a new species would wander around the city. A species that used to be human, but was not anymore.

That was the reason the city was dead. Humans had been infected by a new virus and lost their very nature. They had become strong, cruel, and thirsty for blood. They couldn't live in the sunshine anymore though.

They were like a mixture of zombies and vampires. The sunshine could kill them, so they could only hunt at night. Deer and lions were delicious meals for the monsters, who lived on fresh, warm blood. Without human wisdom, they had become a completely new species.

Qin Guan was the only survivor in the city, so he had to return to his shelter before dark. He roared away without hesitation. When the red car disappeared from the frame, the director stopped the crew.

"Perfect!"

His assistant handed him a cigarette.

"Yes. No NG is needed for such a long shot."

"We can shoot some more on the last day. It will be a perfect

scene."

"The Asian actor was the right choice. It's crucial that the audience can step in his shoes during the monologue."

"They are witnessing his lonely life from God's viewpoint. The actor has to express himself through his face and body. Not everyone can do that."

"I know, that's why I selected Qin Guan for the part. He remains hopeful in hopeless situations."

"Not everyone loves post-apocalyptic films after all. We have to give people hope."

Lawrence was really satisfied with Qin Guan's performance.

"We have two hours left before the next scene. You can walk around, but please don't leave the site."

Qin Guan spent those two hours persuading his fans to leave. They couldn't see well enough at night after all. Qin Guan gave them autographs, so they left satisfied.

Eventually, he found Xu. Qin Guan grasped his friend's collar and got back all the money he had spent on his stay in the US.

Then he let him go. It was time to get back to work. He would make more profit out of Xu later.

It was evening, so the setting sun turned the maple leaves gold. Qin Guan and the cute dog, whose name was Sam, returned to their shelter in New York.

Hunting hadn't gone well, so Qin Guan had to prepare some food for them.

Rice and beans were not a good choice of food for a foodie, but Qin Guan didn't complain. The dog was more miserable than him after all. It had to eat rice and chopped vegetables.

Unsurprisingly, Sam didn't give him any positive feedback. Everyone could see his disgust in his eyes.

Sam had always been fed normal food, so he had never tasted vegetables with ketchup. Every time the assistant pushed the small basin over, Sam just sniffed it and walked away...

When the last beam of sunlight vanished, a harsh bell was heard. It was the night warning. Qin Guan pulled down his thick iron door-sheets to block everything out. All the entrances were equipped with thick bolts.

The human and the dog curled up in a narrow tub. They needed to feel safe in that horrible world. This was the only way they were able to fall asleep.

# Chapter 914: The Stuntman

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There was not a single light in the dark. Everyone felt sad. If they were in his place, they might have gone mad.

The buzz of the camera could be heard clearly amid the silent, deserted night. Qin Guan jumped out of the tub as soon as the director stopped the camera. "Ouch!"

It was uncomfortable for a tall man and a dog to be huddling in a tub. Plus, Sam considered Qin Guan his subordinate, so he used him as a cushion.

If the director hadn't stopped the camera in time, Qin Guan would have had to have an anti-rabies vaccine.

The trainer, who had misunderstood Sam's response, patted Qin Guan on the shoulder. "Well done, dude! Our dog seldom loves anyone this much. Any man he loves must be a good person."

Thank you for your words.

Qin Guan forced a smile and walked to the resting area. Everyone had to stay on site until late at night. They had a tight schedule, so they had to finish filming as soon as possible. This was the first time Qin Guan was shooting at night.

Fortunately, waiting for his turn wasn't that boring. The costumes of the extras helped widen his horizons.

They were wearing seamless nude leather pullovers. When they walked out of the fitting room, Qin Guan got scared. They looked like bald patients. Their pink, wrinkled skin looked like that of a newborn mouse. They were the humans that had been infected by the virus.

Even a beam of an ultraviolet ray could kill them. Although some aspects of their physique had been degraded, they were really good hunters. Qin Guan was only prey for them.

When they got ready, all the lamps along the Manhattan streets went out. Qin Guan would fight a battle of wits and courage with them before reaching the end of his life. His dog had been infected with the virus in an effort to save its master and had eventually died.

All the cameras were ready. Qin Guan had to depend on himself from now on. No one could help him anymore.

He was suddenly caught in a trap. Qin Guan was hanging upside down from a rope in the middle of the street. He had to save himself. He had to cut the rope off before the hunters got there.

It was hard to reach your ankles when you were hanging upside down though. It was with great difficulty that Qin Guan folded his body and slowly stretched his hand out towards the rope. Everyone was transfixed by his performance.

The moment he freed himself from the trap, the fierce monsters arrived. The two sides fought with loud roars. Their movements were too quick for anyone to see them clearly.

The director handled the cameras from different positions, trying his best to record the crucial moment from many angles.

The lonely man suddenly stopped being careful. He drove the abandoned car right into the monsters that had killed his friends time and again. His face was twisted in anger, but no one was in the mood to laugh at him anymore.

Despair prevailed on the site.

Bang!

A stuntman crashed the car for Qin Guan. Qin Guan wanted to finish the scene himself, but the insurance agent and the director stopped him.

Efficiency was important. Any action that could possibly delay the shooting schedule was forbidden. This was the first time Qin Guan was participating in a dangerous action film, so the crew had

gotten insurance for his safety.

As a professional, the insurance agent was good at evaluating any dangers that came up during filming. He knew very well what an ordinary actor should avoid doing.

Thus, as soon as Qin Guan rushed to the site, the agent and Wang Liying pulled him away without hesitation.

# Chapter 915: The Invitation From Madame Tussauds

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When he saw the stuntman get out of the smashed car, Qin Guan fell silent. Any ordinary, untrained person would have suffered a concussion in his place.

From then on, Qin Guan would be more rational when it came to action scenes. This was different than martial arts. This was fatal action!

Just as everyone thought they could call it a night, Director Lawrence shouted at them, "Once again! The car is not in the right place. I saw the stuntman's face though the camera. Once again! Lower your body. Don't show your face!"

The man nodded calmly. Suddenly, Qin Guan realized how ridiculous his job was compared to the stuntman's.

One had to give credit to any actor that was willing to risk their life for a film. Those brave men had silently contributed to every outstanding action movie in existence.

When the tired crew members finished their job for the night, they saw some food trucks approaching with their lights on.

The delicious food was steaming hot.

"My treat!"

Qin Guan paid any food truck he could find around the square. The thrifty guy had finally learned how to be generous.

The square became an ocean of joy. Everyone enjoyed the free dinner happily, including Sam, who came back to life after eating some beef and pork.

After the celebration, they all had a good night's sleep.

As Qin Guan was busy working, Sister Xue received an invitation

from the Madame Tussauds Wax Work Museum. They were asking Qin Guan if he wanted to have his own wax sculpture there. Madame Tussauds had just opened its sixth branch in Shanghai and wanted to create the sculptures of a group of Chinese stars.

Qin Guan would have to fly to the headquarters of the Madame Tussauds Museum in the UK. The shooting had nearly come to an end, so Qin Guan was soon able to travel to Baker Street and meet the artist.

After their meeting, Qin Guan was told that his sculpture had been approved to be in the main Madame Tussauds Museum. This meant that his wax work would travel around the world if necessary, along with other classic works, such as the death mask that had been produced during the French Revolution and the guillotine that had cut off the head of Queen Mary of Scots.

It was a rare opportunity, so Sister Xue made the decision for him.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was arguing with the director about a temporary change that had messed up his plan. It was not professional to change a script halfway through production, so the good-tempered Asian revealed another side of his personality.

To avoid any conflict, Director Lawrence decided to explain everything to him.

"I can't accept the ending of the original script. Those creatures are not living dead in my eyes. They are a new species. It's selfish for a human to decide their fate based only on the knowledge he currently has."

"That's why I want to change the ending. You will leave the vaccine to a female survivor and her child and perish along with the monster. This will leave hope for the future."

Qin Guan was shocked by his view. Lawrence considered those horrible creatures equal to humans. According to him, the new

species didn't need to be saved by the vaccine.

# Chapter 916: Two Endings

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They had their own lifestyle, emotions and body language. The vaccine that saved human lives was a poison that would change the monsters into different creatures. Nobody had the right to change them into another species.

Did Lawrence want to convey an underlying message concerning the secret surveillance of common American people? In a nation that advocated freedom, ordinary people wanted to finally experience real democracy.

Qin Guan came back to his senses. The director's reasonable explanation made him accept the change without hesitation. It would only take an extra five minutes after all. Wang Liying told something to the producer in a low voice and then gestured at Qin Guan that everything was okay. He would get paid extra for this.

At the cameraman's signal, a large hole was blasted into the ceiling above Qin Guan with a bang. The leader of the monsters rushed up to him. Qin Guan hid behind the barricade and threw the case with the vaccine at Alice, the female supporting character.

When Alice caught the case, she realized that they were separated by a thick glass wall. Qin Guan was relieved. The roaring monsters were approaching, but he was at ease. He could see the beautiful future waving at him. He had saved the hope of humanity. Nothing could prevent him from leaving that boring world now.

He had achieved his goal before the end of his life.

He growled and pressed the button without hesitation.

Bang! The whole lab was destroyed.

"Perfect! Wonderful! Where is the prop team? Restore the ceiling to the state it was in before Qin Guan pressed the button. We'll shoot another version of the ending."

Qin Guan took advantage of the situation to ask a final question.

"Which ending will make it to the screen?"

"That will depend on the company."

"What?"

"We'll choose the one that's more relevant."

So you haven't decided yet?

The right decision was obvious. The first ending would make it to the theatrical version, and the second one would be included in the DVD.

Qin Guan wanted to do his best during the second version, as it could bring some much-needed life to the declining DVD sales.

As soon as the prop team had finished its job, Qin Guan returned to the set and witnessed the emotional exchange between the leader of the monsters and a female monster which he had injected with the vaccine. Suddenly, the dozens of photos of monsters on the wall seemed like a joke. They had all been killed by Qin Guan for the sake of the experiment. They were not his guinea pigs though. They were living beings whose lives were worth just as much as his.

We are not sick. We don't want to become like you.

The monster looked down at Qin Guan. He considered killing him after saving his woman, but instead he left immediately with his followers. Qin Guan was left sitting on the ground in confusion. His horror and loneliness were now meaningless. He decided to leave the city and head to the human shelter.

The cameras worked endlessly. Everyone was left speechless by the ending. Then the crew burst into laughter.

Qin Guan couldn't open the glass wall to get out. Alice, who was played by a Brazilian beauty, helped him push it hard. Their effort was in vain though.

The crew lifted the thick glass, laughing all the while.  
"What the f\*ck... I thought I had to crawl out of the hole..."  
"Ha ha ha..."

# Chapter 917: A Confused Actress

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According to preliminary calculations, the six-day shooting had cost them dozens of millions of dollars. This was actually pretty much Qin Guan's total fortune in 2005. As Qin Guan sighed with emotion, Braga mustered the courage to walk over to him.

The Brazilian beauty, who had black hair and eyes, was much younger than Qin Guan, but she was more experienced than him. Everyone liked beautiful women, so even if they were green hands, pretty girls were still popular in superhero films.

Braga had been participating in all kinds of Hollywood films ever since she was 18 years old. After being confused for six years, she had finally gotten the courage to ask Qin Guan, the most famous man she had ever cooperated with, a question.

"Excuse me, Qin Guan? May I ask you a question? I hope I'm not bothering you."

She was a sensitive woman, but she considered Qin Guan a kind man, so she had decided to express her thoughts, even though he was a stranger.

Plus, she thought Qin Guan was qualified to answer her question.

Qin Guan turned to her. Their short cooperation had been enough for her to show her professionalism. She was not like those bland Hollywood beauties. She had impressed him a lot. Plus, she was one of those rare people who were immune to his looks.

"Of course you are not. I'll be happy to answer your question."

"I've been wondering why my agent is always choosing sci-fi, post-apocalyptic movies for me. Ever since I entered the circle, I have never acted in a single normal film. Do you think I'm scary?"

That's a good question.

Qin Guan looked at her carefully. She was a typical Brazilian

beauty. The only characteristics that might interest a director had to be her black hair and eyes, as well as the slightly droopy corners of her mouth.

As an Asian, Qin Guan didn't know what the basic aesthetic standards of Western people were. One had to be born one to know. Western people couldn't even distinguish between Fan Pingping and Li Bingbing though.

As a result, he had to find another way to answer her question politely.

"I think you are both pretty and smart. That must be why they cast you in thrillers. Beautiful ladies with walnuts for brains are usually satisfied with playing the pretty girl. That way, they don't need to pour their soul into each character."

"Heroines in thrillers and sci-fi films are different though. They face much more complicated situations, so they have to be strong enough, both physically and mentally, to deal with all kinds of emergencies. These roles require better acting skills. That's why you are perfect for them."

"There are lots of beautiful women in Hollywood, but only a few of them can impress the audience. Do you want to be famous for your private life instead?"

Braga shook her head.

"Exactly. That would be an insult for any real actor. How many big films have you been in? Is it three or four? That's enough. If every director thinks of you as soon as they get such a script, or the fans consider you a goddess, then you are successful."

"When your name is mentioned in the same sentence as Julia Roberts or Sharon Stone, you won't be worried about the type of films you act in anymore. You will be able to just be yourself."

# Chapter 918: The Third Floor Of Madame Tussauds

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People always praised an actor by using the word "breakthrough", but they ignored that each person had their own limitations. No actor could play well all kinds of roles. There was no such person in the world. If an actor dismissed that fact, they could make a fool of themselves.

Clever actors abandoned that impractical idea and focused on roles that entertained the audience.

Alice Braga bowed deeply before Qin Guan. Now she understood how he had become an international award-winning actor. He had a much more profound understanding of the circle than she did.

Qin Guan was delighted to gain another fan in the industry. He took a flight to London in a really good mood.

He had already called Cong Nianwei several times to invite her to go to the UK with him, but the construction of the Olympic Stadium had yet to be completed. Cong Nianwei's schedule was really tight, so she had to reject his proposal.

The construction of the Olympic Stadium and all the related facilities had reached a crucial stage, so Cong Nianwei was too busy to even get a decent amount of sleep.

China's construction companies were the fastest in the world. The country's flourishing cities attracted people from all directions.

The previous infrastructure and living conditions couldn't satisfy the pouring crowd, so more and more buildings started being built, which in turn attracted even more migrant workers and architects. The pressure was finally eased during the developing process.

Skilled, hard-working labor workers were the key behind China's outstanding construction speed.

The main stadiums of the 2008 Olympics changed with each passing day.

Unlike his sweaty girlfriend, Qin Guan was standing in the entrance hall of Madame Tussaud's, wearing an exquisite suit and a shiny pair of leather shoes.

A staff member walked over. "Are you Mr. Qin Guan? Follow me, please."

It was a freckled girl with a lovely smile. She led them upstairs while she made a basic introduction about the museum.

The wax figures were exhibited on the first and second floor, but the third floor was not open to the public. That was where the figure manufacturing studio was located. All the lucky stars selected by Madame Tussaud's were measured there by professional staff. Then the materials were sent to the headquarters in London.

The mysterious gate was opened for Qin Guan. A rare exception was being made for the Chinese actor, as the chief craftsman was really interested in him.

"Come in, please."

The girl pushed the gate open slowly with a polite smile to reveal a mysterious world. Before Qin Guan could even step forward, a black figure rushed over to him with a loud scream.

"Ah!"

Before anyone could react, Han Zhujiu took action. As soon as he saw the black figure, he jumped out from behind Qin Guan and blocked the guy. The professional bodyguard threw a kick without hesitation.

Bang!

# Chapter 919: The Daily Express

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The guy flew away dramatically and landed into a pile of lone wax figure parts. Only his trembling arm was visible anymore.

He looked like an avant-garde artwork that could be titled "Unyielding Struggle".

Everyone tried their best to suppress their laughter. Han adjusted his tie and returned to his original position as the unlucky guy climbed out of the pile.

"Oh my God! You brought Qin Guan. I'm at your service. Thank you for your mercy! Amen!"

Qin Guan shot a confused look at the staff member, who was trying to figure out a proper way to explain. Suddenly, the praying man hugged Qin Guan's leg.

"He is real! What a slender leg..."

"Go away!" Wang Liying hit him in the face with her handbag.

The staff member hastened to pull the man away.

"I'm sorry, everyone. This is our chief moulder, Mr. Chris. He is good at making human-like wax sculptures by using moulds. He is a big fan of Qin Guan, so he has been hoping to make his wax figure for the museum. Now his wish has finally come true. Mr. Chris is really excited, which is understandable. Some people are born very passionate."

Passionate? He is crazy!

Chris returned to his seat tamely.

"Wow! Your features are perfectly proportioned! I was deeply attracted to you at first glance. You are God's most perfect creation!" he said as he took out his tools. "I prefer a formal suit on you... I can feel your soul through it."

The man got to work happily. After putting down the last

measurements, he reached out to caress Qin Guan's forehead.

"F\*ck off!"

Han's order was short, but efficient. Chris stepped back immediately with a tremble. "What a rude Yankee!" he murmured.

Then he nodded at Qin Guan. "Thank you so much for your cooperation. I'll inform you as soon as the sculpture is finished."

Qin Guan smiled and stretched his hand out towards Chris, who swallowed his saliva before taking it.

"Hey, watch your hands! We have a lot of work later." Han was the right man to handle such a guy.

You will leave, but I will remember your face forever.

Qin Guan was a professional actor, so it was easy for him to maintain his smile. The director of the museum had invited a journalist from the Daily Express for a short interview after all.

It was not important news that a star was going to have their own wax sculpture in the museum, but it was the kind of news that fit the style of the Daily Express, which was selling like hot bread in the UK. Most of its readers were ordinary people, so this was a good way for them to learn what was going on in the UK.

# Chapter 920: An Acute Question

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European people were elated about the news, as Qin Guan was one of the few Asian stars they were interested in. Of course, they were all focused on the Venice Festival and wondering if the handsome man would win his final major European award.

People were even betting on it, with odds of about 1.08. This meant that most people expected Qin Guan to succeed. They believed that he would definitely win an award at the Venice Film Festival.

The Daily Express would be glad to get any news from him. The short interview took place in a quiet hall on the ground floor.

"Hi, Mr. Qin Guan. I'm Tom from the Daily Express. Thank you for your cooperation. I know you are really busy these days. Don't worry, I won't take up too much of your time. I only have a short list of questions."

"No worries, I still have some time left."

"Okay, thank you. First, I would like to ask the question that your English fans are most concerned about. I understand that both of your films have been shortlisted by the Venice Film Festival. What do you think about that? Will you make a grand slam this time?"

Qin Guan shrugged with a smile.

"You are asking the wrong person. I think you should ask the judges and the audience instead. I hope the Venetian gods will give me their blessing."

"Ha ha! You are really funny, Qin Guan. If you failed to win an award, would you question the organizing committee's criteria?"

"Never!" Qin Guan shook his head firmly. "There are all kinds of factors in play. Plus, failing once doesn't mean anything. I'm new at the festival after all. I will get another chance in the future."

"I will win the award one day. I expect that I will win the Lifetime Achievement Award in a couple of decades..."

The young man's confidence helped the interview flow smoothly. Tom, who was curious about the Asian star's last words, decided to test him with an acute question.

Thus, he skipped two questions and asked the very last one.

"The next question is..."

"Is that the third one?"

"Yes..."

Tom cast a confused look at Qin Guan. Is something wrong?

"Everyone knows that Madame Tussauds is a way to keep in touch with people, just like our newspaper is. Thanks to its history and professionalism, the museum has managed to have a collection of sculptures with big historical significance or entertainment value. Today, your sculpture will be in the same place as Stalin's, Churchill's and Thatcher's. Do you think you deserve this? Can your fame and contribution even be compared to theirs?"

Tom had pulled a trick on him. As an entertainment star, Qin Guan belonged in a completely different field than those political figures.

Qin Guan smiled at him.

"You are the funniest guy I have ever met, Tom. If I had passed the national examination for civil servants and worked for the Chinese government for 20 years, I would have been able to give you a better answer."

"As it is, I just want to say that every field has talented people. Maybe 100 years from now, my work will be considered a milestone in the history of the entertainment circle. You'll have to live longer to find out the answer."

Tom was shocked. Qin Guan patted his shoulder and whispered,

"That was three questions."

"Yes, thank you for your time. It was nice to meet you."

Tom shook Qin Guan's hand. Was that my line?

Qin Guan and his team left the museum, leaving Tom and the principal behind.

# Chapter 921: The Pianist

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Is that your way of promoting our museum? All I can do is support Qin Guan.

Qin Guan had no idea what the two men were thinking. Suddenly, he received a call that added something special to his schedule. The call was from a person who had approached him through some common friends from the American music circle. He didn't need his help. He just wanted to become friends with him.

The man was Lang Lang, who had just signed a contract with IMG. Although he had studied at traditional music schools in both China and the US, his heart longed for freedom, which made him incompatible with other strict, narcissistic pianists. He thought that music should be introduced to the public through mainstream methods.

After graduating from college, he had joined IMG to become a popular pianist. His soul wasn't meant for classical music halls.

That year, he was nominated for a Grammy, which proved his choice right. A Grammy was the equivalent of an Oscar in the music circle. All musicians wanted one like crazy.

Ironically, Lang Lang was nominated for his Beethoven's First/Fourth Piano Concerto, so his feelings were mixed. When he heard that IMG had failed to invite Qin Guan, he felt the impulse to talk to his successful fellow, who also happened to ignore his occupation.

Fellowship was important in foreign countries, but it was not easy to meet Qin Guan. Lang was a smart guy, so he used an indirect method.

Thanks to his connections in the New York Chinese Business Union, Lang Lang received an invitation to a party held by the US Chinese Yacht Club. As a rising pianist, he enjoyed a decent social

status, so Chinese businessmen were happy to invite him to their parties.

Thus, after checking the account of his QC firm in New York, Qin Guan was led to a luxury yacht at the New York harbor by Xu Xiaoxiao and He Ming.

It was not a party of four anymore, like it had been the previous time, so they had chosen a large yacht that could hold hundreds of people. The vessel was not a ship anymore. It had been transformed into a party venue, which only showed the strength of the private club.

Qin Guan sighed with emotion. "Wow! It's only been a few years, but it looks like you replaced a rifle with a cannon!"

He Ming was a calm, but proud man.

"I worked really hard on it. Plus, there are many rich Chinese people nowadays. Rich people are welcome everywhere."

Although they had been born in talented families, He Ming and Guan Jian had their own personal goals. After getting rich, Guan Jian had returned to China, while He Ming had travelled to different countries and tried to unite Chinese businessmen around the world.

The two young men had made very brave choices.

People started getting on board. Qin Guan was happy to meet really successful businessmen. Before making a toast for the 32nd time, He Ming got on the high stage in the middle of the ship with a microphone and announced the start of the bustling party.

# Chapter 922: The Grammy Sponsorship

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"One, two, three... How are you, everyone? Most of you must be familiar with my face. I'm He Ming, one of the founders of the club."

He Ming showed up regularly at parties and other activities of the club. Most of the guests were good friends of his, so his joke earned some positive feedback.

"He! We are tired of you. Can you surprise us this time?"

He Ming shook his head. "No, the old rules apply. According to our rules, we'll welcome a new friend at each party. Expanding the club is our tradition."

"What's our other tradition?"

"Performing!" everyone shouted in unison. All the guests had performed all kinds of acts in the past. This was the best way for people to get close to each other. After a short performance, the newcomer would be accepted by the club as a gentleman.

The lighting master adjusted the brightness of the lights.

"Today, I have a surprise for you. The newcomer is really good at performing!"

The background fell down as an answer to his words and revealed a piano and a strong man with thick eyebrows.

"Let's welcome pianist Lang Lang!"

Lang began to perform. The well-educated audience stopped talking to listen to the music. The whole ship fell silent under the starry sky.

Qin Guan smiled at He, who was talking to him. He was a smart, determined man.

They both drained the last drop from their cups. 'So you don't want to return to China?"

"At least not anytime soon. Chinese enterprises have been expanding ambitiously. I'll help them through my work in foreign countries."

Although he was living abroad, he was still concerned about his nation.

Lang Lang finished his performance and received a thunderous applause.

"It seems like I'm a redneck. I only care about connections and profit. That pianist looks like someone who has just suffered an electric shock."

Although he didn't feel ashamed for his lack of artistic taste, he clapped for the performer enthusiastically.

Qin Guan shot a helpless look at his friend as he clapped his hands.

"You asked me to come to the party for him?"

"Yes. Chinese people lead hard lives in the US, artists even more so. This is nothing for you."

The young pianist walked over to them slowly and greeted them with a smile.

"How are you, Mr. Qin? I'm Lang Lang. I'm new here. Thank you for your support and consideration."

"How are you?"

The young man was surprisingly easy-going. The two of them exchanged a few words to clarify the purpose of their meeting.

"So you want my QC firm to sponsor your Grammy nomination?"

"Yes."

"As far as I'm aware, IMG invests money specifically on promotion."

"Yes, but it is both the company's promotion and the strong

sponsors that will decide the fate of the singers."

To be honest, the outcome of the battle was determined by money.

Lang Lang had joined the club with a clear aim. He wanted to get continuous support from his compatriots. This was his long-term plan of supporting his career financially.

In a time when classical music didn't make much money, it was difficult for a musician, particularly an ambitious one, to support himself.

Thanks to his economic power and connections in the entertainment circle, Qin Guan had become his first choice.

"What?"

He Ming was shocked. How could an accountant like Qin Guan agree to such a bad deal? It was like throwing coins into a river!

# Chapter 923: Are You Ready?

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Their following discussion interrupted He's thoughts.

"If you win an award, what will your plans be for the future?"

"I'll return to China as soon as my contract expires."

"Even if you win an award?"

"Yes. My parents are getting older. Plus, I love my motherland. I don't feel safe here."

"If you have no choice regarding your future at home, will you consider working for my firm?"

Lang got excited as he stared at the silver business card Qin Guan took out.

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course. You don't need to make a hasty decision. You can call me after you return to China."

When the party ended, everyone left dreamily. On their way to Long Island, He Ming asked a question he had been burning to voice.

"Why did you offer a job to a pianist? Mainstream music is prevailing these days."

"Lang is not a traditional pianist. Every cell in his body is crying for fame. Plus, my underground band has been suffering because of the music piracy in China. This phenomenon has destroyed the music circle. People share music through the internet without any restrictions. Everybody can gain access to popular songs for free!"

"Really?" Although he was not in the circle, He was just as worried about this issue. Unlike the Chinese audience, the audience in Europe and America was more inclined to appreciate traditional music. There were also strict regulations and severe penalties for downloading music illegally there.

Copyright laws in China hadn't caught up yet.

"Things will get better in the future. The government must set sound regulations to guide citizens. It's their duty. We shouldn't let our greedy human nature run wild."

"But how is this related to Lang Lang?"

"If we can't make money from CDs, we have to turn to live performances."

"But you already have a band!"

"You mean Gao Xiaosong? Those guys have big ambitions, but limited abilities. Plus, they could ruin my reputation. I earn thousands of dollars per minute. Do you know how much I make for one runway walk?"

"How much?"

"20,000 dollars."

Okay, you got me. My net profit last month could only pay you for a couple of steps on the runway.

"Lang is different though. A Grammy would double his value. He was educated at famous schools, both in China and the US. He could earn one million RMB per performance. I could book the underground band along with him as a package deal. I'd gain a lot from this."

It was late at night when they reached Qin Guan's home in Long Island.

"You can use my car until you get a new one. I'll leave it with your assistant."

"It would be my honor."

"Go away now! Bye!"

Qin Guan felt strange as he entered the house. Cong Nianwei was not there. The house had actually been empty for several years, but

the cleaners came regularly.

Qin Guan didn't feel any warmth radiating from it. Soon, he fell asleep with a photo of Cong Nianwei beside his pillow. In the photo, she was smiling happily at him.

Qin Guan was woken up by the phone.

"Hello?"

"Open the door, Qin Guan."

"Sorry, I overslept."

Wang Liying and a stylist entered, holding equipment and breakfast in their hands.

"We'll be meeting Zhang Yimou and Zhang Weiping later in the morning. In the afternoon, we have to show up at the Walk of Fame to get your handprints and footprints..."

Qin Guan lay on the couch as the stylist worked on him and Wang talked. The smell of breakfast, the scent of her perfume and her voice filled the empty villa.

Qin Guan let out a long sigh of relief. Even strong men could feel lonely sometimes.

He kept trying on formal suits until he found the one that felt the best. Then he turned to the breakfast.

# Chapter 924: How To Get A Star On The Walk Of Fame

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He had a simple coffee, toast and egg combo with relish, which surprised Director Zhang Yimou. In his opinion, Qin Guan should have been sad for not making it to the final round of the Oscars.

"It's alright. The Oscars are awarded to American films. I shifted my focus to China during the past year. It was only natural for the organizing committee to forget about me. Oh, I have to congratulate you, Director Zhang. Your film was shortlisted for the Best Foreign Film Award again, among other award nominations."

"It's not something worth congratulating me about." Zhang sighed. "Kung Fu movies are becoming outdated in China, and the American audience has gotten sick of the same patterns. I've come here to meet you and express my gratitude."

Zhang Weiping, who was the producer, broke in, "The box office of the film in North America was barely over 10 million dollars."

"Really? But you must have earned 322 million in China."

"That's not bad. 'House Of Flying Daggers' only earned a few million dollars after all. If it wasn't for your fan club in America though, the film would have flopped."

"This is a decent result both for us and the Chinese audience."

You are so good at consoling yourself.

Qin Guan accepted their invitation to the premiere of "Curse Of The Golden Flower" before saying goodbye to them and flying to California. He was about to become the third Chinese actor with a star on the Walk of Fame.

His star would not be on the street in front of the Chinese Theater though, as that spot required too much money to maintain.

According to an interview with the principal of the theater, the ceremony would be simpler, as those stars were not equal to the real ones. Compared to the real avenue, that street was a little dimmer. The Walk of Fame hosted film, TV and music stars.

Any listed star had to meet the following terms.

1. He/She should have made professional achievements in their respective field.

Qin Guan met that requirement. He had won plenty of awards for his work.

2. He/She should have at least 5 years of experience in their field.

That was why the committee had not accepted Qin Guan's application until 2007.

Sister Xue had started collecting the application forms as soon as Qin Guan had travelled to Los Angeles for the first time. She never went into battle unprepared.

3. He/She should have made a valuable contribution to society.

This was a vague requirement. Fortunately, Qin Guan had been advocating for the protection of wildlife ever since the Paris Fashion Week. Plus, he had participated in a public-interest ad in New York, so he had been involved actively both in public affairs and environmental protection.

He had also done a lot to protect the environment in China, which was the kind of thing that American people loved.

Thus, after a complicated procedure and strict investigation, Qin Guan finally qualified for a star.

The judge committee was composed of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce and the Hollywood History Trust. As the names suggested, the members were all businessmen.

The maintenance, construction, governmental cooperation and visitor management in Hollywood were all taken care of by the

Hollywood History Trust, but the expenses were paid by the sponsors of the stars and businessmen that were active in Hollywood.

# Chapter 925: The Star Ceremony

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It only took the judges a few minutes to approve Qin Guan's application unanimously. Money would not be a problem. There were lots of sponsors that supported Qin Guan, including Armani and Columbia Pictures.

Generous rich men were rare, let alone men who were interested in an Asian star, so the Hollywood History Trust wouldn't let that chance go so easily. Plus, most of the members of the Chamber of Commerce were collaborating with Qin Guan's QC firm. The hard-working Asian personnel had impressed them.

Thus, Qin Guan got approved without any delay.

Qin Guan was standing right by the spot where his star would be molded, wearing Armani Haute Couture. Reporters were lingering all around him. There was a long table covered by red velvet. Empty cups were mounted on it like a tower.

The cups would be filled with a champagne that cost 10,000 dollars per bottle. Right across from the cups was a small message board with Qin Guan's picture.

The organizer attached great importance to the ceremony. Most of the actors, producers and directors who had cooperated with Qin Guan had been invited.

The organizer wanted to advertise the ceremony as both a celebration of the entertainment circle and a chance to promote tourism.

Chinese tourists had been pouring into America lately, so pleasing them would bring the US bigger profits.

More and more tourists gathered behind the warning line. Asians were given the best vantage points. Even Sister Xue felt anxious when she saw the crowd.

Most of Qin Guan's friends had gone to witness this milestone in

his career, including Qu Xuemei and Zhang Yimou. Even Julia Roberts and Drew Barrymore were waving at him from the crowd.

Qin Guan was really excited. All he could do was say thank you!

"Brother Qin, I'm over here!"

Qin Guan turned around at the sound of the voice and saw Jay Chou. Before he could respond, the host walked over to warn him that the ceremony was about to begin.

"Wait for me after the ceremony!"

Qin Guan fixed his bow and walked to the edge of the red carpet, which led to the long table. It looked gorgeous against the background of the black, marble-paved avenue.

"Let's welcome Qin Guan, the owner of the 98th main street star and 1998th Hollywood star! He is the youngest Golden Globe winner in existence. Despite his young age, he has already won awards both in Cannes and Berlin. He is a Chinese ambassador in America who has contributed a lot to the exchange between occidental and oriental culture..."

"Thus, the judges reached the unanimous decision that Qin Guan should have his own star on the Walk of Fame, the Holy Land of filmmaking!"

Everyone applauded loudly.

"Now, I'll surrender the floor to the lucky man..."

Qin Guan's friends and the reporters applauded again as screams were heard from behind the warning line.

# Chapter 926: The Best Group Photo

---

"Ah!"

"I love you, Qin Guan!"

"Well done!"

Qin Guan walked slowly along the red carpet amid the tide-like applause and crazy hails. The black-and-white suit he was wearing was so elegant that the audience felt dazzled.

His face, his perfect figure, his smile... Everything about him shocked the crowd, who waved at the angel like crazy. The whole world served as a background for Qin Guan.

He walked on the stage like a diamond touching velvet and stood straight as a pine between the microphone and the background. Time seemed to stand still for a moment.

"Hi, everyone. I'm Qin Guan."

"We know! We know!"

Qin Guan waved back with a smile. His steady voice echoed around the square.

"It's my honor to meet the criteria of the committee and become the fourth Chinese actor to have a star here. I would like to salute Anna May Wong, Bruce Lee and John Woo, who achieved this before me. They are the pride of Chinese filmmakers. As their successor, I will try to never embarrass the Chinese people. I'll try my best to remain on par with the stars on this avenue."

"I would also like to express my appreciation to the friends who came here especially for the ceremony. I owe my success to you and your help."

"Secondly, I would like to thank my directors, producers and partners. All of you helped me get my handprints here."

"Lastly, I want to thank the reporters, who have always been nice

to me. I owe my popularity and box office success to your love."

"I love all my fans. Are you guys looking forward to my new film?"

"Of course!" was the united response of the fans.

"We'll go watch whatever film you star in!"

Inspired by the crazy fans, some reporters turned away from the celebrities and pointed their cameras at the crowd to capture the unprecedented scene.

It was true that China had a really large population. No ceremony on the avenue had ever attracted such a big audience before.

"Let's move on. The host is waiting."

The host took the microphone and walked off the stage with Qin Guan. The two of them walked half a meter from the stage, to a spot that was covered by a red square cloth.

"Pull it back with me, Mr. Qin."

"Okay."

"Let's reveal the star! In three, two, one!"

The cloth was pulled away and Qin Guan's star was revealed.

It was a large bronze star with a black-marble background. Qin Guan's signature was carved in the middle. There was also a line of words under the star, detailing the actor's glorious achievements.

From then on, Qin Guan's fans would have one more place dedicated to their idol. When they visited Hollywood, they wouldn't forget to take a picture with the star.

Qin Guan was the only actor from the Chinese mainland that had a star after all. He was the only one!

The tourists grew more excited as they gazed at the star.

If I press my hands there, it would be as if I was shaking hands with Qin Guan. Wow!

"Can we take a picture with you and your star in the same frame?"

That was not an easy feat. Qin Guan was 1.86 meters tall, so he couldn't fit in the same frame as the star, which was on the ground. Plus, his formal suit would make it hard to squat down.

Everyone seemed to have forgotten about Qin Guan's profession. He was a top model, so this was no trouble for him.

He just lay down on the ground next to the star.

# Chapter 927: An Honest Friend

---

He didn't see anything wrong with lying on the dirty ground in a suit worth millions of dollars. He lay on his side contentedly, as if he was lying on grass or a soft bed.

He looked like a Chinese hermit cultivating his spirit amid a white mist.

All the fans and reporters were shocked by the scene.

"Come on! I won't maintain this pose for long," Qin Guan reminded them kindly.

"Ah!"

Screams were heard again. In the eyes of the Chinese fans, Qin Guan was an immortal from a web novel. He was both charming and fascinating.

They couldn't believe this was happening for real!

Qin Guan finished his job responsibly. The moment he got up, hails came again from the reporters.

"Congratulations!"

"You deserve it!"

"Thank you all!"

Qin Guan waved goodbye at everyone and followed the staff to the temporary reception area. He would have a short meeting there with some good friends and finish the short, yet meaningful ceremony.

Familiar faces gathered around him to express their kindness for their miraculous Asian friend.

"Mr. Qin, you are the guest of honor, so you have to open the champagne personally!"

Bang!

The cork shot out and the golden liquid was poured into the tower of cups. The cups were filled level after level until champagne was streaming around the bottom of the table.

"Long live the Walk of Fame! Long live Qin Guan!"

Qin Guan squeezed his way out with the bottle as the cups were seized by the guests. Everyone wanted to get some of his luck.

Before Qin Guan realized it, there were only two cups left on the table. Every guest that walked by him patted him on the shoulder, some consciously and some unconsciously.

"Hey, what's on your mind?" Qin Guan turned around and saw Jay Chou. They hadn't met after "Curse Of The Golden Flower" after all.

"I have no time to talk to you right now. Why did you come to America?"

"To promote my new album. My music is popular among young Chinese immigrants," Chou answered proudly. He had to admit that his acting skills were awful compared to Qin Guan's, but he had his own job. He was the most popular singer in Asia, so he was well-known all over the world.

An American team had adapted his latest album with the help of a famous American musician. Naturally, Chou had been invited to the Grammys. He enjoyed an important status on the international music stage.

"Great! The Grammys have nothing to do with my work. A Chinese guy has been nominated this year though. If you meet him, try to help him."

"You mean Lang Lang?"

"Do you know him?"

"Of course, we work in the same circle. I can also play the piano. Don't worry, Chinese people help each other."

"Is anything else bringing you here?"

"Actually, yes."

I knew it! That shy boy must have something special in store for me.

"But it has nothing to do with you."

"Stop! I can mind my own business." Qin Guan waved him away with a sense of foreboding. The answer had to be Jolin Tsai.

Qin Guan sighed at the thought of their complicated romantic affair.

"Brother Qin, would you tell the truth, even if you thought other people might misunderstand?"

"Of course," Qin Guan answered without hesitation. "I don't like speculations. I believe one should be honest if they want to avoid rumors and misunderstandings. Public figures have to be even more responsible than the average person."

As he looked at the righteous man, Chou felt lucky to have such a good friend.

# Chapter 928: The Guest Judge

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Feeling moved, Chou confirmed his theory and left leisurely.

When the celebration came to an end, silence prevailed on the avenue again. As soon as they reached Qin Guan's villa in Beverly Hills, Sister Xue collapsed on the couch and started laughing.

"You could be a spiritual advisor, Qin Guan. You could empower others to do things!"

"Don't make fun of him. This is useful for his interpersonal relationships."

Qu sat down on the couch as well.

"I have a question. Qin Guan has gotten very successful during these past few years, both domestically and internationally. His fans go wild for his looks, even though they are all sensible people. Don't you find this strange?"

Qin Guan was confused. He had been away from China for a long period of time.

"What are you trying to say? Did something happen in China?"

"Oh, yes. Americans don't pay much attention to the entertainment circle in China. This was a warning for everyone in the circle."

"Yes, Andy Lau is innocent. He was just unlucky to have such a fan."

"Exactly. Plus, the media added fuel to the fire. That crazy girl's father jumped into Victoria Harbor. They retrieved his corpse from the sea a few days ago."

"All this because Lau refused to meet Yang Lijuan. People say that Yang's father considered Lau unworthy of his daughter's affection. The mental and physical exhaustion, as well as all the money he had to spend to visit Hong Kong, made him commit suicide."

Will the girl have to face reality when she comes back to her senses?

Qin Guan didn't know what to say about that incident. It went beyond human imagination. He could only sigh over Lau's bad luck. The public's sympathy for the weak would put a heavy burden on his shoulders.

"Actually, I think the media should take the blame. They stir up trouble all the time and force people to jump off cliffs."

"Yes. China is developing really fast, both financially and otherwise."

Sister Xue suddenly recalled something. She rummaged through her bag and took out a piece of paper.

"Here it is. It's a new job offer."

"What is it? I don't want to agree to a new film at this stage. I have another film to shoot overseas."

"It's not a film or a TV series. It's an offer from two different TV stations. It's said that they have been fighting over you for a long time. The salary has reached this amount by now..."

Sister Xue showed Qin Guan her palm and then turned it over.

"This is the initial offer. They are not done fighting yet."

Qin Guan took the paper curiously.

"I know these shows!"

Qin Guan had heard about them. They were both talent shows. The first one was the show "My Hero" on Dragon Television, and the second one was the show "Supper Boy" on Hunan Television.

They were both nationwide shows that discovered talented young people. They selected talented individuals for their subordinate agencies and tried to increase audience ratings and attract sponsors.

Actually, participating in a talent show was the easiest and quickest way to make a fortune and become popular. All ambitious young people wanted that.

"What's the difference between the two?"

"'Supper Boy' focuses on musical talent, while 'My Hero' looks for personal qualities that are useful in film and TV."

"Last year's winner was Purba Rgyal. He could become famous in the future. It's interesting, because this program arranges special lessons for each contestant. The audience watches as the frog turns into a prince."

# Chapter 929: The Wedding Ring

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Qin Guan nodded. "Will they wait until I have some free time? And what about the sponsors?"

"Last season's sponsor was Leica. Any company with a young target group can sponsor the show."

"My brand is not right for it then. Is there a sponsor for this season?"

"It's said that Metersbonwe is interested."

"Metersbonwe is similar in style to J Clothing. Call the boss and ask for his opinion. Tell him that I may be involved in the show. I don't need his money. Our brand just needs new materials for the summer. Ask him if he can produce them for us."

Wang Liying was writing swiftly. It was her job after all.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Contact the agency of the contestants to see if there is any valuable information. I'd like to sign a contract with some young men. Huayi would be better, I think. It would be the right fit for a greenhand."

Wang was a serious agent, so she tried to warn him. "Would it be proper to seize talented individuals this openly? Dragon Television is located in Shanghai, at the headquarters of Tiancheng Entertainment Co."

"We do not get along," Qin Guan broke in. "Competition is the only way to success in the entertainment circle."

Qin Guan had the confidence of a rich man.

"Anything else?"

"One last thing."

Sister Xue handed Qin Guan the last document.

"It's from Chen Kang."

"Oh, it's a personal affair."

The three ladies opened the large fridge, took out its contents and had their afternoon tea in a sunny corner.

Qin Guan walked to his desk with the papers and read his latest real estate statement.

The development of Chinese real estate and the Chinese economy had reached a certain stage at which countless problems were caused by the incomplete regulations. As a cunning man, Chen Kang made use of some loopholes to make profit for his employer.

This was not a report of his success though, but of the influence of the latest regulations.

For example, private residence owners would enjoy certain property rights for 70 years, while business property owners would only enjoy them for 50 years. After this period expired, the owner would have to pay a fee again.

This applied to Qin Guan's shops on the Second East Ring. If Qin Guan had a child, he or she would have to pay a fee again for up to 100 houses, which was crazy.

Qin Guan came back to reality and realized that he had reached the last page. It was a photo of a diamond shining in the sunshine. It was the treasure locked in the safe of his Swiss bank account.

Tiffany and Cartier had carefully selected the raw gemstone for Qin Guan's wedding ceremony. The perfectly-cut blue diamond, which weighed 19.8 carats, would be inlaid in a ring.

Qin Guan had spent a long time seeking a ring worthy of his girlfriend. It was lucky that he had participated in "Lust, Caution". The 6-carat diamond had shockingly come from Cartier.

Even Qin Guan, who was used to owning such rare treasure, couldn't help but gasp in admiration.

"It's really beautiful, but the color will not suit her."

# Chapter 930: A Sudden Attack

---

Susanna, who was a representative of Cartier, saw an opportunity in Qin Guan's words immediately. She walked up to him politely and said, "You are so lucky, Mr. Qin Guan. We also have blue and yellow diamonds of the same quality as this pink one. They are as beautiful as the sky!"

"Really? But this one is too small."

Susanna felt the impulse to hit him.

Small? Did you even take into consideration the ordinary people who only buy 0.3-0.5 carat wedding rings?

As everyone knew, when the weight was doubled, the price was multiplied by 10. Ordinary people might be able to afford one carat, but any stone heavier than 2 carats cost millions of yuan.

Some rich ladies showed off their four-carat diamonds online and called them "dove eggs".

To a professional of the jewellery industry though, the customer was always right. Thus, the woman put on her sincerest smile and told Qin Guan, "You are indeed a lucky man, Mr. Qin. The largest and finest diamond of them all has remained intact. The headquarters have decided to make it our most important product in the future."

"Really? How much does it weigh?"

"19.8 carats."

"And how much does it cost?"

"Several million dollars."

"Deal!"

"I... I can't make that kind of decision."

"Then contact the person in charge for me. No jewellery brand

can turn away so much money."

Susanna gave him a glassy-eyed stare. Although the deal could be considered her achievement, she was not delighted about it.

Thus, Cartier not only sold the stone to Qin Guan, but also designed the ring for him, under the condition that the bride would show it to the public and the brand's name would be noted under every picture.

Tiffany was furious about the deal. Qin Guan was their brand ambassador after all. This was humiliating for them!

Qin Guan was annoyed by their endless fighting. In the end, the three sides reached the agreement that Tiffany would design his ring. That way, the two designs would become a legend in the industry.

It was a win-win situation. The two brands got to work. This job was a celebration of top jewellery that involved the best materials, designers and handicraft, so it was breaking news for the media.

The two sides stopped fighting immediately, got up from the ground, brushed the dust off their clothes and shook hands...

Qin Guan put the last document into the small safe in the wall gently. This was his personal secret. He was planning on keeping it from his woman until the very last minute.

Before leaving for New York, Qin Guan attended the Oscars in an effort to support Director Zhang Yimou. He hadn't gotten an invitation, but when the staff saw him in the crowd, they asked him to walk on the red carpet. Actually, that year's ceremony included almost no Asian films, with the exception of Zhang Yimou's film.

When they stepped on the red carpet together, all the reporters were shocked.

"F\*ck! It's Qin Guan!"

They took out their programs to confirm their suspicions.

"He has no reason to be here."

"Yes. His film was nominated for an award, but he wasn't."

"Did the organizing committee invite him at the last minute?"

"Does this mean that he could possibly win an award?"

"That's big news!"

"But he only played a supporting character in the film."

"This is discrimination! Supporting actors can also win an Oscar!"

# Chapter 931: Vancouver

---

People read too much into things, but reporters were usually smart.

When Qin Guan approached them, they asked their questions without hesitation. Qin Guan shrugged awkwardly.

"Yes, the organizers gave me a chance to be here, but only for the red carpet event. Maybe they thought I hadn't taken enough photos this year. I'll have to work harder to win an Oscar next year."

"Really?" The reporters were disappointed.

Qin Guan was always aware of his status though. As soon as he reached the end of the red carpet with Director Zhang, he escaped under the giant golden figure to avoid taking any pictures. Then he said goodbye to Zhang Weiping and returned to New York.

Qin Guan boarded a flight to Vancouver, where he would begin filming soon. His new film was called "Night at the Museum" and it was produced by 20th Century Fox.

The New York Museum cherished its exhibits too much, so the crew had failed to get permission to film inside the real museum. Instead, they had built a copy of it.

The collection of the New York Museum included everything, from celebrity sculptures to dinosaur fossils. It had everything one could expect to find.

As soon as the curator had found out about the dangers of having a film crew there, he had rejected the director's offer without hesitation, even though he had received a call from the mayor.

The mayor apologized to the crew and handed them his campaign flier, with the hope that they would still vote for him.

The director was a straightforward man, so he had decided to

build a new museum.

In order to save money, the reconstruction would not take place in Hollywood, but in Vancouver, which had been nicknamed "Northern Hollywood".

Vancouver, which was north of Seattle, was the most developed city of the Canadian film industry. Canada was a country that was greatly influenced by the United States.

The city's geographical location and pleasant climate had attracted countless immigrants from all over the world.

The Chinese population in Vancouver had reached 2.3 million. The city was deeply influenced by the United States and linked to the industrial sector in Seattle. A large industrial town was located around the city. Its residents shared the same worry as the Chinese, which was the high real estate prices.

In 2007, the housing prices in Vancouver were second only to Tokyo's. This only applied to ordinary people though. 20th Century Fox would actually save 20%-30% on its budget.

The next morning, Qin Guan headed to the shooting site leisurely, feeling completely refreshed. He had heard the news about the Oscars. As expected, Director Zhang had not left empty-handed. The American film critics and media had found the film pretty good, so the rare Chinese film had won two awards. This was basically Hollywood's indirect way of accepting the film.

Zhang Yimou's film had won the Best Costume Design Award and the Best Cinematography Award.

In combination with the film's box office in China, the Chinese blockbuster had done pretty well.

Qin Guan felt reassured. Now he was in the right mood to check out his new working place.

The crew had invested 10-15 million dollars on the film. Of course, the actors' salaries were not included in that amount.

Big companies like Fox, Columbia and Warner spent a specific amount of money on new scripts. Any creative idea from all over the world could intrigue them. Outstanding scripts poured into their offices every day.

# Chapter 932: A Short Scene

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Hollywood companies bought the copyrights and made their own films. Then other countries had to pay five to six times the original price to buy the rights back. That was how strong Hollywood's industry and monopoly was.

This particular film had borrowed material from a Croatian illustration created by famous artist Milan Trenc. The original had been an illustrated book for children. Hollywood businessmen had the unerring ability to spot a good opportunity, but this would also bring good luck to the book, to some extent.

Qin Guan had decided to interpret the story as a classic work of art and create the best fantasyland for children.

The shooting site was like a small UN conference. People of different skin colors and ethnicities worked there. An assistant led Qin Guan to the director. The young man with the curly hair shook Qin Guan's hand excitedly.

"Nice to meet you. I thought you would be arriving later."

"You are so kind. I am never late, unless there is an emergency."

"Just head to the fitting room. We could film a simple shot so you can get a feel of the film."

"Okay, see you later."

As he looked at the protagonist, Director Shawn Levy felt a little worried about Qin Guan's looks. He was afraid that he might distract the audience from the film.

When Qin Guan walked out of the fitting room though, the Canadian director gasped. The actor was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, the favorite outfit of the average American. His black jacket made him look decadent. He looked like a total loser.

"Attention, everyone!" Shawn nodded at the old actress who

would be participating in the scene. "Get into position! Three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan would be portraying a father who had failed both at his personal life and work. His wife had divorced him, so he was living with his 10-year-old son. The pressure of life had forced him to give up his dreams. He had to find a steady job in order to keep custody of his son.

Thus, he had appealed to the government for help. The bureau provided work opportunities for unemployed individuals. There, one could find information and job recommendations according to their work experience and educational background.

Qin Guan was looking for a job with a steady income.

He was not humble by any means though. He was a talented high-tech developer after all. Although his search hadn't been successful, he still held on to his dream.

He shared his dream with an employee who was as old as his grandmother.

"Debby? May I call you Debby?"

Qin Guan stared at her with a charming, affectionate smile.

"The first time I saw you, I felt really nice. I thought you had felt the same way."

Silence.

"Nope."

This was the first time a heartbreaker like Qin Guan was getting rejected in a film. Plus, the woman was almost 60 years old.

"I really need to work. If I don't find the right job, I don't know what I'll do..."

A woman's maternal instinct usually increased along with her age. Qin Guan got an offer. Every person Debby had recommended for that job so far had failed to get it. She just asked Qin Guan to

try his luck.

"Thank you so much."

The short scene ended.

"Cut! Good!"

Shawn gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up.

"Take a break. The next scene will take place in the museum."

"No problem!"

Qin Guan turned around and stretched his elbow towards Debby.

"May I lead the way for you, my lady?"

"It would be my honor."

# Chapter 933: Roosevelt

---

The old lady still maintained the elegant nobility of a woman who had lived in the 1930s. She locked her arm around Qin Guan's.

The two of them walked out of the bustling site elegantly. Then they exchanged a meaningful glance.

"You are one of the most graceful women I have ever met, madame."

"I think I'm just one of many women who have been fascinated by you, sir."

"So my flirting worked?"

"Of course. But I have to be serious during filming."

She was an outstanding woman. Time had graced her with both wrinkles and charm. A little eye contact was enough for them to become friends, despite the generational gap between them.

Qin Guan patted his chest after he parted ways with Debby. His confidence had been restored.

The easy-going protagonist had pleased the crew, who now turned its attention to another important supporting actor. He was the actor who would be portraying a figure in the museum.

Yes, it was Robin McLaurin Williams, the actor who would be playing President Roosevelt. Williams had won the Best Supporting Actor Oscar for "Good Will Hunting" in 1997. As a comedian, he was good at depicting supporting characters.

When Qin Guan met Robin Williams for the first time, he was in his President Roosevelt costume. He was wearing a brown military uniform and a pair of long boots and holding a sword in his hands.

This was a comedy though, so there was also a golden beard glued to his face. It was a perfect parody of Roosevelt's magnificent beard.

Robin Williams looked like a really funny president.

Qin Guan tried his best to suppress his laughter, as Robin had to act like a still figure on a base.

He had to climb up the two-meter base and the horse on it, which was really hard for the crew. Robin was overweight, so he needed help in order to climb up.

Several strong young men worked together to support his belly and arms using a ladder and a frame. Maybe a small crane would have worked better.

Eventually, Robin got into position. He shot a look at the camera carefully. As soon as the director gestured at him, he pointed his sword in the air like a general.

Qin Guan had to find another corner, as he was choking from laughter by now. This would be a good chance for him to work with an experienced actor.

Soon, Wang Liying got out of the lounge with Qin Guan's schedule.

"Go to the fitting room. You have an independent scene 10 minutes after Robin is done. You need to seize the day, or we'll spend the night at the museum for real."

"Take it easy. I have never failed while shooting a film."

Before leaving, Qin Guan waved goodbye at Robin, who was still sitting on the horse. The other actor winked in response.

Qin Guan's costume was simple. It was only a black-and-gray security guard uniform. Of course, uniforms differed in different countries.

# Chapter 934: A Former President

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In America, security uniforms in different industries or institutions were also different. Americans liked to stand out, so professional uniforms always had intricate designs.

Qin Guan's uniform was really handsome. Its brassards and broad belt fit him well. He was also equipped with a walkie-talkie and an alarm buzzer, which only made him look more charming.

"Are you ready, Qin Guan?"

Qin Guan walked to the center of the museum and gestured at the director.

This scene would be his alone. A long take with a single actor required extraordinary acting skills. Plus, he had no lines, so he could basically only rely on his acting talent.

The script only said that the character was supposed to be singing out of boredom.

Qin Guan walked to the control center and started rapping in Chinese through the speakers.

It sounded weird, but it was funny.

Fu Shen, who was standing behind Wang Liying, enjoyed the song along with everyone else.

No one could recall who Fu Shen was. He had been a nobody in Qin Guan's life. He used to be the president of the Chinese Student Union at Columbia University, but now he worked as a reporter at a TV station.

"Qin Guan is the same guy he used to be at college. He is still just as handsome."

"Yes, the guy is blessed."

Fu Shen was already an elite. He was no longer an energetic young man, but Qin Guan was only two years younger than him.

He could also act in a teen drama if he wanted.

"He was the most popular guy at college. Could you put in a good word for me later?"

"Sure."

Qin Guan could take responsibility for such a decision after all.

By then, Qin Guan had fallen asleep on a chair that was too weak to support a tall man like him. The handsome security guard landed on the floor like a frog.

Bang!

Everyone burst into laughter.

The director stopped the cameras. Fu Shen applauded. He felt like flattering Qin Guan, but he was also convinced by his performance.

"This is wonderful! I'd never seen him in action before. This is better than watching him on the screen. He really is an outstanding actor."

"Thank you. Save the flattery for later though, or people will think you are a professional groupie."

Qin Guan approached them.

The former Student Union president looked quite different than he remembered.

"What are you doing here? Why did you come all the way to Canada to see me?"

Because there were too many people around Qin Guan in New York. Fu Shen looked frustrated.

Qin Guan was a considerate man, so he got straight to the point.

"What did you come here for? Just tell me what the problem is. I'll fix it, if I can. I might have a star on the Walk of Fame, but I'm a kind man."

Qin Guan was just as easy-going as he used to be. Fu Shen's smile became even more sincere.

"Ever since I graduated, I have been working at NBC and other TV stations."

"Sounds good."

# Chapter 935: Project Runway

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"I started out as an intern and then became a permanent employee. A few months ago, I was put in charge of an independent program that NBC is counting on a lot."

Qin Guan understood and asked Wang to open his personal lounge so they could have a private conversation.

"Come in. Don't worry, I'm done working for today. No one will bother us here."

"Thank you!" Fu Shen relaxed. "This is about trust for me. I have never embarrassed our college during my career. My superiors think very highly of my abilities. However, I was assigned a difficult task this time."

"Really? What is it? And what's the problem?"

"You must have heard of 'Project Runway'. You are a member of the fashion circle after all. It's an avant-garde talent show for fashion designers that involves designing, tailoring and presenting one's creations on the runway. The audience witnesses the whole process. It's a program that requires high expertise."

"I know. It's really popular in the fashion circle. It's been airing for three seasons, right? I have heard so many complaints about NBC from my partners and companies. Your program has increased the ambitions of every trainee and assistant and seized them away. They have all left their positions to start their own businesses."

Fu Shen nodded. "Yes. Our original intention was to help talented designers. As you know, the circle hasn't been very welcoming lately. So many good designers have to work hard for very long in order to succeed, because they lack work experience or an impressive resume. Opportunities are very rare for them. This occupation requires inspiration, not experience. The circle is not

friendly towards greenhands and amateurs though."

"Our program provides them with an open, fair environment. Young designers have been taking advantage of this chance. The show will go on despite the resistance of the fashion circle. That's not the reason I'm here today though."

Qin Guan handed him a cup of spring tea. "It's from China. Have a taste."

"Thank you."

"I know brands are not obstructing the show, Fu Shen. A lot of top brands are paying attention to it after all. Even the organizer of the New York Fashion Week is. Anyway, you have created a platform for American designers that aim to work for top brands."

Fu Shen nodded and took a sip of his jasmine tea.

"Up until the third season, we had sponsors from all directions, including the New York Fashion Week. I've come here today because the program does not belong to NBC. We bought it from another company."

"We signed a five-year contract, but the station offered a low price. As a result, when the second season became popular, the producers were somewhat unsatisfied. They believe that NBC has not contributed to the show. They think they should be given credit for its popularity, so they asked for an increase of the original offer. If we don't agree, they will make an offer to another TV station."

To be honest, this story reminded Qin Guan of "The Ugly Duckling". The producer wanted to gain more from a show that had unexpectedly turned into a swan. It was unfair, but understandable. All businessmen cared about profit. Everyone was just trying to maximize their personal benefit.

# Chapter 936: Decision

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"So, how can I help? Legal issues are beyond my expertise."

"I know. If NBC was planning on giving up on the show, then I wouldn't be here today. It's a novel, beneficial program, but we don't want to spend any more on it. It's not about money, it's about manners. If all companies behaved like this, no one would ever be able to work in peace. A contract is not a game. We'd never give in to this kind of blackmail. We won't pay them a single extra penny!"

"So?"

"So, we would like to ask you to appear in the last season as a guest judge. The audience ratings will increase greatly, and we will show them that we contribute just as much to the show. Then the producer will have no excuse to ask for more."

"If you participate in the fourth season, we will remain their first choice and we'll make a reasonable offer."

Qin Guan was shocked. "I know nothing about the initial contract or the extra money they want to get. Are you aware of my value and the appearance fee I charge?"

"Have you heard of the popular show 'America's Next Top Model'? I only guest starred during its first season for this very reason. I was too expensive for the producer's budget and NBC refused to pay any extra money. Would you hire me despite the cost?"

Fu Shen nodded. "Of course! I am aware of your value."

"But..."

"We are not worried about money. You will make us a fortune."

That explained why Fu had decided to work for that network.

There were countless private TV stations in America, all of them living by the law of the jungle. No one dared slack off. Qin Guan's

participation would be a big stimulus for NBC.

"I plan my schedule at the beginning of each year, so it's already fixed. I can only take a couple of short-term jobs."

"I know. I have talked with your agent. Our show can be filmed in your spare time. The shooting will only take a few days and it will take place in New York, which is your base."

I have nothing else to add then.

"Okay. I'll let you know if anything changes."

"Thank you so much, Qin Guan."

As he looked at his old friend, Qin Guan realized that everyone went through a lot of hardships in life...

He watched Fu Shen leave with mixed feelings.

The next half of the film was the core of the absurd story and its inner conflict. The costumes and the setting remained the same, but a big number of figurants were supposed to depict famous figures, including Roosevelt, Galileo, Attila and the army of the Roman Empire.

All Qin Guan had to do was run around the large hall. Some exhibits, such as the dinosaur fossils and the stone statues, would be added during the editing process. That was what their million-dollar budget was going to be spent on.

Special effects were the key to success.

Of course, as the protagonist, Qin Guan had his own task to carry out. When the sun rose, it would be his time to shine.

# Chapter 937: Three Kinds Of People One Shouldn't Ignore

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The manager of the museum had to have a long conversation with Qin Guan. During the night, a lot of exhibits came alive and fought with each other. Qin Guan wasn't aware of this, but a couple of cowboys had pulled a general of the Roman Empire to the guillotine.

The manager talked to Qin Guan in an effort to find out why.

The director shot a close-up of Qin Guan's face as he explained to the manager sincerely, "In my opinion, the Romans are too arrogant. The cowboys just wanted to warn him."

Are you kidding?

The manager disliked his strange sense of humor. Suddenly, Qin Guan realized that all the events that had happened during those wonderful nights had been kept a secret by the previous security guards.

If he wanted to hold on to his job, he had to bury that secret in his heart. Qin Guan decided to take his son to the museum at night to entertain him.

"Cut!"

Jack, who was a child star, was looking forward to being Qin Guan's son in the film. His beautiful black eyes and hair made him look like he was mixed-race.

Jack had started his career at eight years old and become an experienced actor three years later. As a result, he was not shy when he met Qin Guan. He was just waiting for the superstar's approval.

On each movie set, there were three kinds of people worth one's attention: old actors, children and extras. If inspired, they would

give an amazing performance.

Qin Guan didn't look down upon the boy.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes!" they answered together. As soon as the camera started filming, they held each other's hand.

Three previous security guards had stolen the golden board that could revive the statues of the museum and used Qin Guan as a scapegoat.

Qin Guan, who was a brave security guard, had to fight for his reputation.

"Jack, run!" he shouted at his son. The boy rushed out of the room.

"I don't want to hurt the old men."

Qin Guan blocked the way of the three old thieves.

The boy looked back at him with trust in his eyes and got shocked by the scene.

His brave father was being beaten by an old man!

Everyone tried their best not to laugh, but as they watched the boy run as fast as a bunny, the director burst into laughter.

"Stop! Where is the stylist? Draw some wounds on his face."

The smart director had found a way to hide his mistake.

Taking advantage of the situation, he checked on the camera positions and the other actors again. That chaotic scene would be the climax of the film. It had finally come after two weeks.

The massive figures made positioning the cameras really difficult. Each mistake would lead to another take, which was a precious waste of time and money. The Roman soldiers, the cowboys and the Pharaohs patted their chests and promised Director Shawn they would do their best.

The actors who played Attila's soldiers were the most peculiar among the extras, as they were members of the Chinese Figurant Union. They had asked to join the crew when they'd heard that the production had been looking for Asian actors.

# Chapter 938: Monkey Boxing

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Although it was difficult for Asian actors to succeed in Hollywood, their oriental characteristics were indispensable.

Everyone had their own job.

Qin Guan stepped into the set with wounds on his face. When the fierce battle came to an end, the three thieves were caught by the statues and the beasts and Qin Guan had successfully retrieved the golden board.

At the first light of dawn, all the exhibits returned to their original positions. They had saved both themselves and Qin Guan's job.

What a moving moment! Tears filled Qin Guan's eyes.

He actually loved the atmosphere on set. The best American comedians were among the cast. As he felt distressed about parting ways with them, the director pulled at his arm.

"What are you doing?"

"The film is finished. I'm telling everyone goodbye."

"Their job is over, but yours is not. You have some scenes to shoot tomorrow."

"What scenes?"

"You have to interact with some African jungle monkeys. It's an extremely funny scene in the film. Don't you remember?"

"Does it involve special effects?"

"You lucked out. Our prop team found real monkeys just like the statues, so we have to film a few more scenes. Don't worry, they have been trained in a circus. They are smart and obedient. If everything goes well, we'll be done in 10 minutes."

If everything goes well... I like the way you phrased this.

Reality was really cruel. The next day, Qin Guan met his partner, who used to be a circus star.

Capuchin monkeys lived in rainforests. The highly intelligent primate had impressed humans with its kindness and cleverness, which was why the circus had trained it and turned it into a performer.

To Qin Guan, high IQ was a sin, as it could be expressed through facial expressions or body language that could be easily understood by others.

Thus, Qin Guan's nightmare began.

As soon as the director started filming, the monkey punched Qin Guan's ear. Bang!

Qin Guan's reaction was unpredictable. He didn't give up like a spoiled child or remain stupefied. Instead, he fought right back.

Bang!

The monkey was confused. Up until now, whenever he attacked a human, they usually thought it was a trick. What the hell is that gorilla doing? He is bullying me!

The brave monkey stretched his paws out and launched a counterattack. So did Qin Guan. The sounds of their fight echoed around the room.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

It was impolite to receive without giving back.

Everyone stopped to watch, including the director and the figurants. They put off their work to enjoy the battle between the two monkeys.

The award-winning actor was very dedicated to his job. The director was excited about the result.

This was genius. It was an improvement on the original script!

Wang Liying, who was the only one who knew Qin Guan so well, was stupefied. She didn't want to say anything, so she just let the misunderstanding go on to save Qin Guan's dignity.

"Wonderful! That's enough, Qin Guan!" the director shouted in a trembling voice. Qin Guan tried to recall how many rounds they had fought for.

# Chapter 939: A Second-Hand Grammy Invitation

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The monkey grinned at Qin Guan and returned to its keeper to be comforted.

You stupid gorilla! I remember your smell! Never cross my path again, or I'll... run away.

On the way back, Qin Guan kept laughing in the car, while Wang was wondering about something.

He had a good cooperation with that dog in "I Am Legend". Why did he have to show his true colors again?

Unfortunately, no one could understand animals.

As soon as Qin Guan reached Los Angeles, he headed to the Staples Sports Center, where the 2007 Grammy Awards would be held. CBS would broadcast the event live from 20:00 to 23:30.

The success of the Grammys was largely owed to CBS's vigorous promotion. The network had turned an unknown music event into the Oscars of the music circle. The rest of its success lay in the prestige of the Grammys, which were awarded by the Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

The judges had to go through a strict selection process. Each one had to be a singer, performer, songwriter, composer, conductor, photographer, author or music video producer with at least six published albums in order to qualify for an application.

One also had to fit the event into their tight schedule. If needed, they had to show up to vote for as long as possible.

Did that final recognition add something to one's resume?

Absolutely not!

In order to achieve fairness, the organizers chose 150 judges from

different fields. The evaluation of some inferior awards was possibly connected to the selection.

What would one be proud of then?

There were many legendary musicians around, so newcomers had to be careful and humble with their votes.

No one knew the results until the last minute. Even the judges did not know. The awards were counting on the public's trust.

The ceremony was a celebration of music. Even a large stadium couldn't hold the crazy fans.

Qin Guan was sitting in the front rows, sandwiched between other stars so he could avoid exposure. Lang Lang was seated next to him.

Qin Guan had taken advantage of the situation to get a couple of seats for the musicians working for his firm. After a fierce battle, Gao Xiaosong had won that precious chance.

Gao had been smiling like an idiot when he got the invitation. This was a hard-won opportunity for him. Only musicians, celebrities, reporters and producers were invited to the Grammys.

The organizing committee did not sell tickets to the public for security reasons. If someone did not attend the ceremony though, their invitation was sold through various channels.

Two hours before the ceremony, people were still looking for tickets on Qin Guan's website. His fans had been informed that he would be attending the ceremony with a friend, so they were talking about the news excitedly.

"I'm in Los Angeles. I'll go to the stadium and see if I can get a ticket."

"It must be really expensive. Be reasonable."

"How much could it cost?"

"Over 1,500 dollars. And that's an average price."

"Qin Guan does not belong to the music circle. He will be sitting with the celebrities. You won't be able to get close to him. Would it even be worth the money?"

# Chapter 940: Two Different Groups

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"I'm a star chaser. Being in the same stadium as Qin Guan will be my greatest pleasure!"

"You convinced me. I want a ticket, too."

"If I'm lucky, I might even see him in person. That would be the happiest night of my life!"

"You are right. Wait for me at the stadium!"

"See you there!"

They both went offline.

Qin Guan, who had no idea about his approaching fans, was currently in a dilemma.

The award ceremony would begin at eight o'clock, but all the distinguished guests and reporters would arrive earlier. There was also a red carpet event before the ceremony.

Due to the numerous attendants, as well as the large number of judges and reporters, the organizers always set up two different red carpets. One for the official award nominees and performers, and one for reporters, music critics and business partners from all over the world.

The first one naturally attracted more attention, as the most famous musicians in America and the entire world would gather there. The second one was more low-key, but the celebrities were still recognized and welcomed with applause.

The Grammys were a gathering place for musicians around the world, so the two red carpets were a popular idea.

In order to increase their audience ratings, the reporters would focus on the carpet with the music stars. Only a few shots would be taken of the second carpet. This was actually a wise arrangement.

Qin Guan's presence caused some conflict though.

Logically speaking, Qin Guan would have to walk on the second carpet, as he was neither a musician nor a nominee. However, he was so popular that the director of CBS would kill himself if he didn't walk on the first carpet.

What a shocking stunt! No TV station could capture Qin Guan's image except for the one filming the award ceremony. Some smart cameramen had been waiting at the entrance as soon as they'd heard the news. They kept searching the crowd carefully until they finally spotted Qin Guan.

How had they spotted him in the crowd?

Easily. All the Grammy guests were famous for their gorgeous, eccentric outfits, which were very different from the famous Haute Couture people wore at the Oscars and the Golden Globes.

At the Grammys, everyone just wore whatever they wished. Gao Xiaosong saw many strange outfits, including but not limited to, bikinis, wrinkled dresses decorated with light bulbs and umbrella-like skirts.

Gao had been preparing his formal outfit at the hotel for a full three hours, yet those funny outfits had turned it into a joke.

This was normal though. This was America, not Paris.

As a result, it was easy for the reporters to spot a man in a suit. When Qin Guan showed up at the beginning of the carpet in his Armani Haute Couture, everyone rushed over to him.

"Qin Guan!"

"F\*ck! It's Qin Guan!"

"Did we come to the wrong ceremony? I thought the Oscars were over."

Sweat started running down Gao's forehead. Qin Guan, who was used to such spectacles, greeted everyone calmly without hesitation.

# Chapter 941: A Gorgeous Military-Style Outfit

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"Hi, Qin Guan. I'm the director of CBS. May I have a private word with you? It will only take five minutes."

"No problem."

"Could you walk on our red carpet?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the one that's meant for the stars. Madonna and Britney will walk on the same carpet."

"That wouldn't be proper. I'm neither a musician nor a nominee. People will think I'm showing off."

What's wrong with that? If Nicholas Cage was here, I would have asked him to do the same. It's all about the audience ratings, bro!

The director nearly cried out in exasperation. Qin Guan didn't want to embarrass him.

"I could be the last one to walk on it so I can avoid breaking the rules."

"Really? You are so nice, Qin Guan. I'm a big fan of yours!"

It's too late for flattery now.

Meanwhile, groups of fans had started gathering around the entrance. Although they couldn't get inside, they still wanted to cheer on their idols before they entered the stadium.

Qin Guan's fans got together and started talking about something. They were holding banners and posters with Qin Guan's face.

"Does this mean that Qin Guan has published an album?"

"I have no idea. Could he have been nominated for a Grammy?"

"Maybe the organizers invited him to perform."

"This is not his domain. I hope he is sure about his abilities before he gets on the stage."

"Maybe he is shooting a film in the area..."

Fans of other idols were also talking in confusion.

"Ah! There he comes!"

Qin Guan showed up at the red carpet for the reporters. Gao Xiaosong, who was right next to him, was ignored by everyone. Qin Guan was wearing a military style uniform that made his body look even more straight.

His thin waist and slender legs looked amazing. His unique masculine hormones overwhelmed everyone. Armani had incorporated the 2007 vintage military style to its spring collection.

The feedback was very positive. It was easy to guess that this style would become popular in the following year.

"Qin Guan! We're here!"

The flag of Qin Guan's fan club was floating in the wind. "I love the Grammys!"

"Qin Guan! We got tickets!"

"See you there!"

"Did you film that?" the director asked the cameraman nervously.

"Yes."

"Okay. Tell the assistant to let the stars walk along the carpet. If a star walks by without being welcomed, we could just play back Qin Guan's entrance."

"Got it!"

Qin Guan had broken through every obstacle and finally entered

the stadium. He thought he would be able to rest in his seat at last, but the scene he faced inside shocked him.

At film award ceremonies, people would usually find their seats by looking at their place cards. As soon as the host got on the stage, silence would prevail.

The Grammys were different though.

It was time for dinner, and Americans never missed dinner for anything, so food trunks could be seen everywhere in the stadium.

Qin Guan and Gao Xiaosong made their way through the crowded entrance and saw some sponsors preparing something in the broader space inside.

# Chapter 942: Low

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Unlike film festival sponsors, the sponsors of the Grammys were very diverse. Film festival sponsors were usually clothing, accessories and watch brands, while the Grammys had sponsors from different fields. They were even sponsored by McDonald's.

There was a poster ad right next to the clown. If one took a photo and shared it on their blog, they could get a coupon for a free hamburger and a Coca Cola.

Gao Xiaosong was shocked.

"Are they kidding? Would these famous guests participate in such a degrading activity?"

"See?" Qin Guan pointed at the counter. "I think you are wrong."

Several famous guests in gorgeous outfits were fighting over who would go first.

The award ceremony would start at five o'clock and last till late at night. If they didn't have dinner, the guests would starve. That was why the food trucks were so popular.

Gao felt tired as he watched women in long dresses rush towards the poster ad. Was that the female heir of a company? Was that the only daughter of a tycoon? Was that the poster child of the fashion circle?

They all betrayed their blogs for a hamburger.

In 10 seconds, the line before the counter had started getting longer and longer. Gao turned around and realized that Qin Guan was eager to try. "Will you join them?" he asked him in fear.

"Ha! Of course not! Such a small hamburger would only be enough to satisfy a woman. We could have something from the buffet. My treat!"

Gao was worried that the Chinese fans might be scared off by the

sight. This might be common for Americans, but not for him and Qin Guan.

Thus, they joined the line before the only buffet in the stadium, which was the only decent source of food around.

This was the most embarrassing award ceremony Gao had ever attended. In the short 10-meter distance between them and the buffet, they walked by five different groups of people. Americans didn't sit down. Instead, they got together and chatted happily.

Qin Guan's popularity made the process even more difficult, as everyone walked up to them and tried to say something.

Gao had no time to say anything as they got stuck in the crowd. His only aim was to get some dinner before all the food was sold out.

When they finally reached the buffet, there were only three things available: pizza, salad and soft drinks.

To prevent Qin Guan from starving and posing by the McDonald's poster, Gao bought some delicious pizza and a BBQ chicken for him.

As soon as there was food in his hands, Qin Guan fell silent and found a quiet corner to enjoy his dinner.

The two of them sat down in the back row and put the pizza box on the arms of their chairs, which they used as a temporary table. They could see the crowd clearly from there.

"Look over there, Gao! That guy must be the chief editor of V magazine!"

"I think those girls are from the Upper East Side. I saw them at the fashion week."

Gao burst into laughter when he saw the girls from the Upper East Side. They were elegant and beautiful, but they had really low IQs.

# Chapter 943: Shock

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Everyone knew that one should bend forward when eating something that contained sausage. The girls had trouble with the unfamiliar food though. They unfortunately dropped sausage on their gorgeous dresses.

"Shit!" one of the girls shouted. Her friends started laughing and screaming around her.

'NO! NO, NO, NO!'

Qin Guan and Gao also burst into laughter as an assistant walked up to them.

"Attention, please. The auditorium has opened. Please go through the hallway and find your seats by following your name cards. Please stay in your seats and wait for the director's instructions. Do not leave your seats or walk around. Thank you for your cooperation."

The official instructions were clear for everyone. However, Qin Guan noticed that they were the only ones who followed the rules.

Their seats were in the first row, which was basically the royal box. The principal of IMG, who had been waiting for them there, waved at them and led them to their seats.

The other guests were not as polite though. Everyone was walking around and talking. The guests sitting in the back row were approaching the people sitting in the front.

There were only 20 minutes left before the ceremony started.

"Take your seats! Sit down, please!" the director was yelling at everyone as loud as he could.

Nobody was paying any attention to him. People were still hugging and kissing each other, while also complimenting each other's outfits.

"Ha ha! American directors are so unlucky. If this was China, the director would have run the whole event. Plus, the Chinese are as tame as sheep. They would even have laughed according to the instructions!"

Qin Guan and Gao talked and chuckled. Lang Lang was smiling behind them. The IMG principal was sitting right next to him, so he dared not comment.

In the end, the director screamed in the microphone. The harsh sound silenced everyone successfully.

"Attention! We are counting down to the live broadcast! On your marks!"

The guests looked distressed, but they returned to their seats, holding the hems of their long skirts in their hands.

"Ten seconds until the countdown! Five, four, three, two, one... Applaud! Louder!"

All the attendants were circle insiders, so they cooperated with the director. The audience would watch the grand event begin under the starry night in the large, bustling stadium.

As soon as the host surrendered the stage to the first guest performer, everyone knew that the biggest winner of the 47th Grammys would be the Dixie Chicks. It was almost a Grammy tradition that the first band to perform would be the winner.

Qin Guan, who was sitting in the first row, was experiencing a live concert in America for the very first time. Everything was well-prepared, including the stage, the lighting, the costumes and the props.

The singers sang live from beginning to end. There was no lip syncing whatsoever. The ceremony was a celebration for everyone in attendance.

The Grammys were very inclusive, so the organizers had not invited only pop singers to the ceremony. There was also a place

for rock music, country music, rap and opera in the show.

Qin Guan and Gao got lost into an ocean of music. Three and a half hours passed in a flash. The awards were given out one by one. All the winners got on the stage happily and interacted with the audience as if they were in their own backyard.

The reporters and the guests were all showing off excitedly. Whenever someone appeared on the big screen, everyone would applaud them. Sometimes, the whole audience would stand up and cheer when they saw themselves on the screen.

Some people sang along with the singers on the stage. Although they were out of tune, their spirit was admirable.

# Chapter 944: Shut The Door And Release Xiao Song

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Some artists were performing confidently, while others were nervous. The winner of the Best Contemporary Instrumental Album was about to be announced.

It was a relatively popular award, so most of the nominees were pop stars.

As a pianist with a limited fan base, all Lang Lang could do was hope that IMG and Qin Guan's fame would help him win.

"The Winner of the Best Contemporary Instrumental Album of the 47th Grammys is Lang Lang..."

Thunderous applause broke out as all the cameras turned to the Chinese young man. Lang Lang was stupefied. Although he was an enthusiastic piano player, he was still a Grammy rookie.

"Hey! Wake up! Get on the stage!"

Qin Guan and Gao stood up to hug their compatriot. Lang's stunned face was displayed on the large screen.

Nobody was in the mood to laugh at the young man though. Everyone expressed their sincerest wishes for the Chinese award-winning musician.

Suddenly, the guests saw a familiar face.

"Oh, my! That's Qin Guan!"

"Is the winner Chinese-American?"

"No, he's Chinese!"

"Brilliant! A Chinese pianist won a Grammy, which is basically the equivalent of an Oscar in the music industry. Is that why Qin Guan came here personally?"

The reporters started talking with each other excitedly.

Meanwhile, the fans went wild.

"Coming here was the right choice!"

"Where is my phone? I'll record the exciting moment. Qin Guan is only 13 rows away!"

"I love you, Qin Guan!"

The fans raised a flag with Qin Guan's portrait.

This attracted the attention of the cameramen. Soon, the fans appeared on the big screen.

"Wow! He sure deserves his awards. He brought his own fan club to the Grammys!"

It's a misunderstanding! I'm not a troublemaker from the film circle!

As soon as they saw their image on the screen, the fans started crying happy tears. Viewers all around the country would see them with Qin Guan during the live broadcast!

By then, Lang Lang had won the award, which was the dream of any musician. The golden gramophone would remain a milestone in his career forever.

Congratulations! The award belonged to the Chinese people. It was the pride of the country.

Music on the Chinese mainland had been very boring lately, so any breakthrough was worth celebrating.

As an outsider, Qin Guan was not as impressed as Lang Lang, who had just finished his brilliant performance and gotten off the stage.

"When will Chinese pop music be honored like this again?" Gao cried out.

It wouldn't. Not unless the Chinese started buying Grammys.

When the ceremony came to an end, the reporters and the excited audience were reluctant to leave the stadium.

Qin Guan suddenly realized he had made a mistake. He should have left early. The guests from the first three rows started gathering around him. They were all curious about his presence there. Some of them asked him if he was planning on releasing some music. If his face was printed on a CD, it would be sold-out in minutes.

Some composers had volunteered to write a single for him. Some had even been inspired by him and decided to write something for him and his fans.

A few singers asked if Qin Guan could invite them to a film festival. These people were worse than his fans.

Qin Guan was too tired to deal with them, so he took action.

He shut the door and released Xiao Song!

The big-faced man threw himself into the crowd.

"Wow! I know you! Do you want to cooperate with our studio? Great! I have so many good singers in mind!"

"Qin Guan? Are you kidding? He can't sing half a song properly."

"Don't waste your talent on him. Look at me! Would you be interested in my talent?"

"Stop! May I join your latest album? We could sing a duet. If you want to join the film circle, give me a call! I can introduce you to some famous directors..."

"Wait! I'm not done speaking yet!"

Qin Guan took advantage of the situation to escape.

# Chapter 945: A Big Event

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Qin Guan was in his house, sorting out photos sent by reporters. Some of them could possibly be used for his website.

By that time, most people had fallen asleep on their soft mattresses. Qin Guan was wide awake though. His chest was filled with pride. After turning over in his sleep for a long time, he eventually got up early in the morning. Then he heard some stunning news.

Jay Chou hadn't stayed in America for the Grammys. After his conversation with Qin Guan, he had returned to Taiwan for work. Another award ceremony was going to be held there.

Taiwanese music awards were more popular than those of the Chinese mainland in terms of scale and album sales. Taiwanese musicians also attached great importance to their own music festivals.

However, Jay Chou, who seemed to be everywhere in China those days, had failed to win the award for the most popular album.

Coincidentally, the award was given to Jolin Tsai, who did not get along with him at all.

The reason Jolin had won the reward was because her album sales had beat Chou's by more than 20%. In 2007, this was considered terrible.

As Jolin Tsai got on the stage to accept the award, everyone realized that Chou was absent from the ceremony. The next day, some surprising news about the award were released by none other than Jay Chou, who blamed Chen Zeshan, the boss of IME, who was also Jolin's boss. Chou accused Chen of cheating during the selection.

Chou said that Chen had paid a lot to fake the sales of Jolin's

album, so Chou's sales would be less than Jolin's. Such an unscrupulous crime was unacceptable not just for Chou, but for the entire music circle. The integrity of the selection and the honesty of the music circle was coming into question.

Chou wanted to expose the scandal to the public, so during a TV interview, he addressed the matter openly, mentioning people by names. This action of his raised a storm of controversy in Taiwan and the Chinese mainland. All the fans were angry. They couldn't stand to see music tarnished by money and con artists.

The question of loyalty started spreading from Taiwan to Macau, Hong Kong and the Chinese mainland, but Chen Zeshan's public response surprised everyone.

"I feel sorry for Jay Chou's accusations."

The reporter was confused. "Is there any truth to the news? I thought you would be angry about the whole thing."

"No, I just feel sorry for both of us. A superstar like Chou shouldn't have gotten involved. This was an unspoken rule in the music circle. It's no secret among music insiders that people pay different prices for different sales ranks."

Actually, the media and the audience had no idea about this.

The reporter didn't know what to say, so he held onto the microphone, waiting for Chen's next words.

"Chou is a silly man. Music companies will keep a distance from him from now on. He will not benefit from this in any way."

The reporter couldn't help but comment, "So, in your opinion, fabricating sales is not a mistake, but a meaningful unspoken rule that people have to follow?"

Chen didn't answer directly. Instead, he changed the topic.

"I'm not in favor of fabricating things, but everyone wants to have their way. As the boss of a company, why can't I try a more

efficient way? I don't like this trend, but if everyone else uses this method, I'll go bankrupt if I don't as well. It's sad, but I have no choice but to do the same."

"Isn't there any way to challenge this situation? This compromises the public's trust."

"Yes, there is. Jay Chou revealed it to the public, but that didn't achieve anything. I'm nothing but an unlucky scapegoat. He can't solve the problem from the root. Besides, why would he choose such an instance to reveal it? Could it be a way of venting his personal anger?"

The reporter immediately wrote something down on his notebook. He decided to use Chen's final comment as a key point.

"What do you mean by 'personal anger'? Are Jay and Jolin still on bad terms?"

Chen Zeshan waved his hands. "That's not what I meant."

Actually, this interview was his way of venting his personal anger.

# Chapter 946: Project Runway

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After the interview, Chen left the room leisurely with a faint smile on his face.

I'll outwit you, Chou. You are still a novice compared to me.

Unsurprisingly, when the new development in the conflict between Chou and Chen was published, it attracted a lot of attention. Everything changed for Chou in America, just like Qin Guan had predicted. Strange news started sprouting like mushrooms after the rain.

The old gossip about Chou and Jolin was revisited.

"Is Jay Chou still in love with Jolin Tsai?"

"Jay was bitter about his ex-girlfriend's success."

...

The fans were distracted. Chen was certainly capable at marketing and fabricating news. News emerged endlessly in the entertainment circle, so it was impossible to change the unspoken rules of the music circle by drawing attention to and investigating ordinary people.

Music awards, album sales and chart lists had nothing to do with the everyday lives of common people, as those people focused on their livelihood instead of on such scandals.

Actually, Chinese people were tolerant when it came to incidents like that. If this had happened in America, the singer would have been abandoned by their fans and boycotted by companies. Their album sales would also have decreased dramatically, forcing them out of every channel and TV station.

This was the attitude of every music insider, as well as a way to preserve justice and maintain a fair atmosphere.

To Chinese people, music was nothing but entertainment. In

Europe and America though, it was a painstaking collective achievement, an inspiration outlet for composers and the dream of every singer. It was the soul of personal and artistic expression, and as such, it could not be faked or insulted.

Naturally, everyone was soon overwhelmed by other gossip. Jay Chou fell silent. He had imagined so many possible endings, both successful and unsuccessful ones. He had even been prepared to defend himself long-term.

However, the whole incident came to a silent, unexpected end. Nobody paid any more attention to it. Indifference was the biggest, deepest sorrow.

Chou didn't resign himself to this outcome though. Instead, he made another try. He published a long letter on his blog, appealing to everyone to pay attention to and regulate such improper behavior.

He had even thought about taking legal action, but he failed to find a specific law that applied in Taiwan.

His efforts showed his good faith, so he was able to convince more and more people that he had not acted out of personal emotion or benefit.

In a few days, he received thousands of responses to his letter.

"We are on your side!"

"We need such thought-provoking opinions."

"This can't go on!"

Chen Zeshan threw the newspaper onto his desk angrily.

"I have to figure out a way to make the media and the public forget about this completely. I need some striking news... Bingo!"

Another conspiracy would soon be revealed.

All Qin Guan could do was express his support for Chou through his blog. NBC's talent show "Project Runway" was waiting for him.

The program's authenticity and extreme cruelty captivated the viewers' hearts immediately.

Although most people knew nothing about fashion or design, anyone with good taste could get obsessed with the show. Each viewer selected their favorite contestant and got excited about their work like a loyal fan.

The audience would become the first group of customers after the designers started their own careers.

Every step of the competition was planned carefully.

For example, the competition was held at the Parsons School of Design in New York, which was famous for its professional studios, sophisticated concepts and impeccable tailoring equipment. It was the best school in the fashion circle.

In addition, the contestants stayed at the Atlas Department right next to the school, which showed how dedicated they were to winning.

Those perfect conditions and considerate arrangements helped create the successful show.

# Chapter 947: Acquaintance

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After carefully reading the material, Qin Guan got a general idea about his job. Actually, what he had to do was quite simple. He would only be a guest star after all.

There would be three to four preliminary rounds, each round including a different test for the designers. Sometimes, they had to make clothes using non-traditional materials such as waste, art supplies, or even fruit and vegetables.

Sometimes, they had to make clothing for a specific person. Qin Guan would be that specific person. He would be the test of the second round.

There was no style limit, so the designers could make anything they thought would suit Qin Guan.

It was actually a smart test. Thanks to Qin Guan's outstanding looks and popularity, there were many designers that longed for such a chance. Those unknown contestants would achieve their dream through the show.

One could imagine how many professional designers would envy such a chance and how many audience members would scream before their TVs as soon as they saw Qin Guan.

This selling point would help the program achieve unprecedentedly high audience ratings and be publicly praised by the fashion circle.

That explained why NBC wanted to spend millions of dollars for Qin Guan to appear on the show. They would make more profit through that investment.

Thus, all Qin Guan had to do was show up at the beginning of the program. Later, he would select three to four designers for the final, which would be closely connected to the New York Fashion Week.

The designers would work as a team to design a series of outfits for a New York Fashion Week show that would be held in Brian Park.

This would also be a part of Qin Guan's job. His final appearance on the program would be as easy as watching a fashion show.

This was not work for Qin Guan. Before the fashion week, he would try on some Armani suits, so that the designers would get a chance to meet the senior designers working for Armani.

When the news was released, the competition would become fiercer than ever.

Fu Shen was really satisfied with the arrangement. He wanted to see the designers fight as if their lives were on the line. The fact that he had succeeded in bringing Qin Guan on the show had made the senior executives of NBC think higher of him. Now he would get more chances to develop his career.

Fu Shen was lost in his own world, when Qin Guan suddenly patted his shoulder.

"You have wonderful rewards for the winners. 100,000 dollars for brand establishment, advertisements in ELLE, training classes at top brand studios... This must be very alluring for a greenhand. Are there any requirements for applicants? I'd like to send my own designers. Could I get some special treatment for my own people?"

Fu Shen nodded immediately. "Of course. All they have to do is pass the first review of the judge committee, I'll be in charge of the rest of the process. They have to be talented though. Our show will be broadcast all over the country."

"Of course. All my employees are talented."

The show will be just in time for LESS/MORE.

As Wang Liying negotiated with Fu Shen, Qin Guan closed his eyes to cultivate his spirit. Suddenly, he felt a pair of soft hands cover his eyes.

"Guess who it is."

"I have no idea," Qin Guan answered honestly.

Before the woman could get angry, he added smartly, "But judging by your wonderful voice and soft hands, you must be a beautiful lady."

"Okay, I'll let you go. I'm flattered."

Qin Guan turned around and saw two women standing behind him. One of them was German supermodel Heidi Klum, who was a Victoria's Secret Angel and the founder of her own brand. Her 177-centimeter height allowed her to cover Qin Guan's eyes.

The other woman was Qin Guan's acquaintance Nina Garcia, who was the chief editor of the American edition of Marie Claire.

# Chapter 948: A Bitter Critic

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She used to be the fashion director of ELLE and a major rival of Qu Xuemei.

Qin Guan was a little surprised. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard that you arrived in New York, so I wanted to meet you before the fashion week. Plus, Heidi is the hostess and I am a permanent judge on the show."

"Well..." Qin Guan nodded at them. "I know why you are here."

"I have a general idea about the style of this season. I'll reveal some things to you in advance. Only a little though. I'll tell you too, Heidi. I don't think you need my guidance for the interview. A few phone numbers is all you need."

Exactly.

Qin Guan's participation was supposed to remain a secret. NBC hadn't revealed it to anyone, so the contestants had no idea about it. Qin Guan would take advantage of this to observe their conflicts and personalities backstage.

He suddenly raised a burning question.

"As everyone knows, every word and action during a talent show is recorded and broadcast publicly. The contestants still act freely and unrestrainedly though, regardless of whether they are right or not. Some of them even talk nonsense. Don't they care about their image?"

This was a simple question for Fu Shen to answer.

"Americans are inclined to show off. They have been encouraged and worshipped since childhood. If you'd grown up in such an environment, you would have found it normal too."

"Plus, they are all entertainment-oriented. They know how to attract attention using different means. Individualism always

prevails in America. Some people like heroes, while others like powerful villains."

"Impressing the audience is only the first step to success. They have to try their best to stay on the show. The fashion circle is full of gossip. So, you know... This may very well be in their nature." Fu pointed to his own temple. "Sometimes geniuses and madmen are very much alike."

"Got it!" Suddenly, Qin Guan saw Wang waving at him.

"Am I up?"

The test of the second round was about to be revealed. Three out of the 12 contestants had already been weeded out. The leftover designers were waiting for the next test.

"Yes. Follow me, Qin Guan. You will appear with your old friend."

Old friend?

Qin Guan met his acquaintance at the entrance of the studio.

It was Tim, the designers' guidance counsellor. Tim was a fashion critic and editor, as well as a bestselling fashion author in America.

"You are here, too?"

Tim snapped his fingers at Qin Guan. "My studio needs some fame and capital as well. The show is really generous."

It was quite fortunate to have Tim join the show. All fashion insiders knew that his nickname was Bitter Tongue. He criticized practically everyone in the circle.

He even criticized Qin Guan. "I'm surprised to see an Asian vase in New York."

# Chapter 949: Eye Candy

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Qin Guan interpreted it as praise, as the old man had never described another supermodel with the word "vase". It had to be a big compliment.

Qin Guan was the only fashion insider Tim could not embarrass. They entered the studio together with polite smiles.

"You've dressed well today, Qin Guan. At least, this is better than being naked."

Tim's compliments were always strange. Qin Guan tried his best to keep smiling.

Tim chuckled to himself and turned towards the camera. This was a strategy he was using so he wouldn't look inferior compared to Qin Guan when they were in the same frame.

The host told the contestants in a loud, excited voice, "Here are the mysterious guests and guides of the second round. Qin Guan and Tim!"

"Ah!" the contestants screamed excitedly. Some of them bounced up almost as high as the ceiling. Their reactions went unnoticed though, as all the cameras were fixed on Qin Guan and Tim.

Nobody would have been able to remain calm in their presence.

Qin Guan was the dream model of every designer!

"How are you, everyone? I'm Qin Guan and I'll be participating in the show's fourth season."

"I won't introduce myself. I think everyone here already knows me."

"Of course, Tim. I heard that the second round would be about me?"

"Yes. The nine designers will design clothes for you. I heard that you used to be the ambassador of some Chinese brand. Was it

called W? Or was it C?"

"It was J Clothing."

"Okay. Well, I think our designers will be much better than that."

You have a point. We might not be as good as Armani, but J Clothing must be on our level.

The contestants were eager to try.

"Don't get overexcited," Tim warned them kindly. "Don't forget the rules! You have 200 dollars and 30 minutes!"

We know the rules. We are not excited about that.

"Tim, may I take Qin Guan's measurements now?" a bald man called G asked anxiously.

Their goal was to observe Qin Guan closely or even touch him, if possible. Then they would be able to show off to their peers about it.

"Stop dreaming!" Tim woke them up. "Qin Guan has standard measurements. The staff has written them down here. Stop playing games, guys. You have only 28 minutes left."

Qin Guan maintained his perfect smile before the camera. He had the elegance of a vase.

The designers rushed back to their desks.

Qin Guan was the perfect eye candy! In his late 20s, he was no longer a greenhand. He had matured through time and experience.

Mental aura was a mysterious thing. Not everyone had it, but if one did, it was the most useful weapon for stealing the spotlight.

Although Qin Guan was standing next to Heidi Klum and Tim, everyone's eyes were fixed on him.

That's why I didn't want to be in the same frame with him. Nobody likes him.

Actually, nobody likes you, Tim.

All the contestants had to finish their designs in half an hour. Then they would have some time to select and purchase fabrics. The rest of their time would be spent tailoring.

Eventually, the last contestant finished his design and ran to the fabric market next to the school. Everyone was completely focused on their work.

They had to create formal outfits!

# Chapter 950: The First Meeting

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They had to design a formal outfit for the Venice Film Festival. If the design was extraordinary, Qin Guan would recommend the designer to Mr. Armani.

This would be an unprecedeted honor for any designer. No one had any time to appreciate Qin Guan's beauty.

We're going to be famous!

Tim was happy to see that.

"Your beauty won't be invincible forever, Qin Guan. Good looks are nothing compared to fame and profit."

"Shall I take care of this, boss?" Han Zhujiu asked.

"No."

Qin Guan had to explain to Han Zhujiu the difference between a joke and an insult.

It was a miracle that Tim had survived so many years in the fashion circle.

The man had no idea how lucky he was. The next day, he went back to his old ways. As soon as the designers hung their creations up, he got to work.

"Wow! What's this? It looks like rubbish."

"It's a suit for a gentleman. What's that lace for? Qin Guan is married!"

"Oh my! I thought you'd make a gorgeous outfit, but this is trash!"

"What a disaster! This is an insult to the fashion circle, the Venice Film Festival and Qin Guan himself. Come here, Qin Guan! What's your opinion?"

"Qin Guan? Qin Guan? Where are you?"

"He is trying on the first outfit," the host reminded him helplessly.

If they had to meet Tim's standards, the program would have been cancelled long ago. As Tim was delivering his speech, Qin Guan entered the fitting room.

Professional models had to change clothes fast. Pretty soon, Qin Guan got on the stage in the first outfit.

It was a mini T stage, so Qin Guan could finish a round in 10 seconds.

Qin Guan displayed the power of a supermodel. Although the stage was small, he still did his best.

"Wow! Can you believe that this cost only 200 dollars?"

Qin Guan's perfect posture made all the details of the first outfit unfold before the judges. Everyone suddenly realized how powerful the mysterious Asian model was.

Everybody could act like a rich man in a gorgeous suit if they were trained a little, but it was not as easy to make a 200-dollar suit look like high fashion. Some people could even make clothes look cheaper than they were.

This was actually a unique talent of Qin Guan's.

He showed the judges the nine formal outfits really fast. When it came to men's suits, details mattered a lot.

Qin Guan had no preferences, but the creation of a greenhand was not equal to that of a famous designer. Outsiders might think highly of the contestants, but their abilities were not good enough for Qin Guan.

Thus, he made some neutral comments about them as a model.

"All the outfits are pretty good. They have their own vibe and style, but there is still room left for more details, personality and high-end tailoring. I think this was because of your tight schedule.

I hope to see much better work at the New York Fashion Week. You will be given enough time then."

This meant that he wouldn't select any of them for the time being. The Americans still interpreted his words in a positive way though.

That's okay. In one day, I'll get the chance to cooperate with Qin Guan.

They were actually overthinking things. They hadn't even experienced the pressure and fierce competition between brands and designers. Those greenhands were really naive.

Now that the show was finished, Qin Guan could relax until the fashion week. However, Tim thought that Qin Guan did not care enough about the show. As an experienced man in the circle, he thought that he had found a good friend in Qin Guan.

# Chapter 951: Demand Exceeds Supply

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He naturally wanted to warn his new friend.

"Do you know why I joined the show?"

"I have no idea."

To get famous? Because you had too much free time?

"Because it's the future. The show will bring together all kinds of stars from various fields and attract more and more sponsors. When its influence reaches a certain level, the designers that started their career this way will gradually form a new circle. It will become a striking fashion trend. That's why you have to captivate them with your charm. You should become their first runway choice. This is how supermodels market themselves."

"Got it. Thank you, Tim."

Your advice would probably be useful for ordinary supermodels, but it isn't for me. When those unknown designers reach Armani's or Chanel's level, they can get back to me.

In the meantime, all Qin Guan wanted to do was enjoy the rare sunshine of New York and put a full stop to his trip to America.

In an effort to support native designers, the New York Fashion Week and Project Runway had signed a private contract that there would be a specific runway show planned for the show's final during the fashion week.

The contestants would be able to participate in all the activities and castings of the fashion week independently. This meant that Project Runway would become an independent brand and take on all kinds of tasks along with other brands.

The program had just finished its fourth season, so its influence and popularity couldn't rival that of internationally famous brands.

Fashion insiders just saw the show as an alternative way to spend their time. They didn't pay that much attention to the show's invitations.

In order to expand its influence, the show's producers had asked the organizing committee of the fashion week for a venue that could hold 300-400 guests. The value of the invitations dropped because of this. The fewer the invitations, the more valuable they would be. This was just common sense.

Unlike the show's previous seasons, this time Fu Shen had grabbed every opportunity to promote the show and strengthen its status.

Halfway through the fashion week, all the participants were trying to acquire an invitation to the Project Runway final.

Fu Shen had released the news gradually and used a successful marketing strategy.

This time, he didn't send all the invitations out at once. Instead, he came up with a plan.

During the first round, the designs with the least negative feedback from Tim would be displayed on the stage. Fu had sent 50 invitations to Tim's enemies within the circle. All those people had been more or less criticized by Tim in the past, so they would attend the show just to have a reason to make fun of Tim.

As expected, they accepted the invitation immediately. Some of them even expressed their gratitude for being invited.

That was Fu's first step. He didn't follow up a victory with a hot pursuit though.

When other critics who had been insulted by Tim heard the news and approached the show's producers, the staff informed them regrettably that they had run out of invitations.

"What? But it's such a large venue. Have you sent out all the invitations?"

"Yes, sir," an assistant replied with her sweetest smile. "We have sent all the invitations to fashion critics. If you are interested in our show, please leave us your business card. I can reserve an invitation for you for next season's final in advance."

"Will Tim still be on the show?"

"Yes, he is our exclusive guidance counsellor."

"Okay, sign me up for the next season. I want at least two-oh no, three invitations."

"No problem. Please fill in this form. Your application will be prioritized. Congratulations! Your application is the 38th on the list. There will be seats reserved for you at the next final of our show."

"Thank you." The fat man left satisfied, wiping beads of sweat off his forehead.

# Chapter 952: Fighting For An Invitation

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An assistant walked up to Fu Shen happily with the statistics.

"Director Fu, your plan is working! We can have more guests next season!"

"Well done!" Fu Shen nodded confidently. It seemed like he knew what he was doing.

"Now, it's Qin Guan's turn."

"Ah-choo!" Qin Guan sneezed in Armani's studio.

"Shall I turn down the air conditioner for you?" the designer asked his exclusive model. "It's only early summer. It's a little cold in the morning."

"Never mind." Qin Guan rubbed his nose with a smile. "Maybe someone is missing me. It seems like my darling has been thinking of me."

If Cong Nianwei, who was busy working at a construction site, had heard that, she would have burst into laughter.

It was a sweet misunderstanding.

The news that Qin Guan would go to Venice in the outfit of the winning designer had started spreading around. It was also said that the formal outfit would be donated by Project Runway. After it had served its purpose, it would be auctioned off for charity.

As a result, the outfit had attracted a lot of attention from buyers.

Unlike mall store buyers, high-fashion clothing buyers had their own brands or stores with a unique sense of aesthetic and local fame.

Some of them sold only couture at their stores. Even international limited-edition products would appear there regularly. Some talented designers trusted those buyers to sell their creations, as they preferred quality to quantity.

That was why the news caused a riot in the circle.

Everyone invited will be an enemy of mine. I'll fight you with money!

Thus, 50 more invitations were looted. Some people even trailed after postmen to steal the envelopes!

At the end of the fashion week, Fu lazily sent the 50 last invitations to famous brands and companies.

This was an opportunity for people to display their outstanding talent. Any smart businessman would jump at such a chance.

The crowded site shocked the senior executives of NBC, who could see that Fu Shen was going to have a bright future ahead of him.

Fu was receiving praise and encouragement from all directions. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was filled with despair backstage.

He had received the "Project Runway" designs. The top three contestants had finished their job. Unfortunately, as a part of the competition, the three of them had been assigned the theme "primal culture".

What had humans worn at the time?

Everything!

Prehistoric style was a modern fashion trend whose natural, rough style could inspire any designer.

In accordance to the theme, all the models were wearing sunburn-resembling paint that made them look like they had gotten a tan.

# Chapter 953: Breaking Old Traditions

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If they'd had sticks in their hands, they could have gone hunting in those outfits. Their prey would have escaped as soon as it saw those colorful clothes.

What was the meaning of those designs though? They could not be sold in a mall or be put into practical use.

They were just fashionable.

Qin Guan got on the stage during the grand finale. He was a special guest after all. His outfit was very flashy. One could find all the colors of the rainbow on his body.

He looked really cool. Except for a few accessories, the upper half of his body was as naked as a primitive man's.

The outfit was actually very practical. The drooping cloth stripes hanging from his waist could clean the floor like a mop, and the powerful bone sceptre in his hands gave off a domineering vibe.

His great momentum seemed overwhelming in that space, which could hold about 300 guests. He looked like an ancient flamen, mysterious, dangerous and powerful. A master of life and death at the peak of his power.

The 50 models from different countries stood up first. They weren't a part of the show, but such an outstanding man was a representative of the entire circle. They stood up one after another amid thunderous applause. They also felt like they were encouraging themselves.

The invited designers stood up to express their appreciation for the models who displayed their creations. Their cooperation added vitality to the world.

By the time the last person stood up, Qin Guan had already reached the end of the U stage and stopped to wait for everyone. Then they all got on the stage again for the encore. The three

designers and the models burst into tears.

"Thank you!"

Thousands of words were condensed into that simple phrase.

Wherever they went in the future, they would keep that moment in their memory forever and use it as a new beginning.

As Qin Guan removed the paint from his body with the help of the assistants, the winner was decided. The guests didn't leave the show. Instead, they got together in different groups and talked in whispers.

Before the judges could reach a final decision, more and more fashion critics started walking up to Tim.

"Alas! There are only three judges? The result could be influenced easily. This is unfair. An impartial talent show should break those old traditions occasionally."

"Exactly! Do you have any connections, Tim? We won't laugh at you. We'll show understanding."

Ha! You want to join in? No problem. We could have a vote.

The three guys were so happy that they almost fainted. The cameras turned towards the judges, where everyone had started gathering.

When Qin Guan showed up again in sports apparel, he saw the VIPs filling in a simple voting form.

This could possibly be the fairest selection method in the fashion circle. Unlike older contests, which could be influenced by the sponsors or the judges, these temporary judges had no personal interest in the outcome. They only voted for fun.

This was unprecedented in the fashion circle.

After a while, Heidi Klum got on the stage with the final result. The three lucky designers were standing beside her and supporting each other, in case one of them fainted.

"Now, let's find out the final result. The third runner-up is VI! His agile, youthful work was very refreshing for the fashion circle."

A thin man in glasses walked forward after hugging his opponents. This was a pretty good result, but he was still a little disappointed.

# Chapter 954: Grandpa And Grandchild

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Soon, the guy with the long hair joined the losers' club.

Yes, the winner was GIN. The bald man had beat his opponents with a small advantage and won that great honor.

As a sponsor, Ford provided the show with a sports car. This was nothing for the company. Plus, the show would help advertise their fashionable cars.

It was Qin Guan who had introduced Ford to NBC. GIN would also get some money and advertising resources.

The celebration was still going on as Qin Guan and Wang Liying got their cheque backstage. Even though he was a billionaire, Qin Guan still cared about money. He counted the zeroes on the cheque carefully before Fu Shen.

"We are old schoolmates, Qin Guan. Are you really afraid that I would cheat you? What did you think of my proposal?"

Qin Guan handed the cheque over to Wang and grinned at Fu.

"It's not that good. I'm really busy at home. I have no time to be a permanent guest on the show. Plus, one beautiful supermodel is enough. I'm too busy to stay on the show."

"Will you return to China?"

"Of course! This was only a business trip. I have another task to take care of back at home after the Venice Festival."

"It seems like you are satisfied with an ordinary life."

"Of course. Now, I only have one thing left to do in my life."

"What do you mean?"

"Have a baby!"

This was an innate concept of the Chinese. Even elderly people felt revived when they had a grandchild. A baby completed their

lives in every way.

Cong Nianwei's father was such an elderly person. The fundamental reason behind his approval of Qin Guan's proposal was his belief that a woman should give birth to a child while she is still young.

Everything Qin Guan had said after that had been completely lost on Cong Nianwei's father. He had only kept his grandson in his memory.

Although their parents knew that the couple couldn't have a baby right after getting married due to their tight schedule, they still dreamed of having a grandchild.

What would it be like? Would it be similar to being a father or a mother? Would it be a boy or a girl? What about its personality?

A baby was full of possibilities.

Given the chance, they would beat about the bush in a blatant way. Thus, Qin Guan had been brainwashed by his parents.

Cong Nianwei was his home. As soon as her project was finished, he would create a new life with her.

What about work though? Sorry, my employees. Forgive me...

Fu, who was a workaholic, couldn't sympathize with Qin Guan. Soon, Qin Guan packed his luggage and set out for Venice.

While he was at the airport, he received a private call.

"Hey, Brother Qin. It's Jay Chou."

"I know. Why are you calling me? Did you succeed with your great shocking event? Did you want to show off?"

"No. The trends of the entertainment circle have changed, and so has the public's feedback."

"Are you kidding? You do not own the entertainment circle. It will never follow your directions."

"Stop!" Jay nearly cried out. "Let me finish! At first, my efforts worked and things developed in the right direction. However, a big event took place in the music world a few days ago and attracted the public's attention!"

"What's that?"

"You stayed too long in the US. Stefanie Sun was kidnapped in Egypt!"

Was he kidding? According to the media, she was supposed to be preparing for her new album. How could she have been kidnapped in Egypt?

# Chapter 955: A Brave Attempt

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"Impossible! She should have been preparing for her new album."

"Actually, she went to Egypt to shoot for her new album. She was kidnapped there, but she escaped."

"Wow! That's legendary! I have a question, though. Every time we travel abroad, a big group of people follows us. She went there to shoot for MTV, not to explore the pyramids."

"People say that her tour guide..."

"Wait a second!" Cong Nianwei was not there, so Qin Guan's IQ would have to do. He hung up and made another call. In his opinion, this had to be fake news.

He called He Ming, who was his informant.

He Ming had been born into a family of diplomats, so he had good connections in that circle and was a good source for international news and secrets between nations.

He Ming accepted the task and called his friend, who was working at the Egyptian Embassy.

He Ming was right. The officials stationed in foreign countries always kept an eye on any news related to their countries, for fear that their national image would be affected by something.

Thus, the staff of the Chinese Embassy in Egypt had attached great importance to Sun's case as soon as the Taiwanese media had made it public. In an effort to restore the truth and guarantee the safety of tourists, the embassy had sent two officers to get all the details.

His friend was happy to tell him everything.

"So, that's what happened. Why are you so interested in this matter? I thought you never paid attention to entertainment circle gossip. Do you like that girl?"

"Oh, rubbish! Qin Guan asked me for information."

"Qin Guan? The famous Qin Guan? Brother He! You have to introduce him to me! I'm a fan of his!"

"No problem!"

"Thank you so much! Tell Brother Qin about this as soon as possible. See you!"

Qin Guan was scared by this brave attempt.

"What? The news were fabricated?"

"Yes. Sun had signed a contract about some specific scenic spots for her music video. The guide was sent by the tourism administration, which was afraid that the crew would cause unnecessary damage to the antiques."

"Nowadays, Chinese people do not take trips to Europe anymore. They go to Egypt instead, because of its abundant history and culture. These kind of news always trouble domestic travelling agencies."

"Sun went to Egypt through an official channel, so the Chinese embassy and Egyptian officials found the so-called criminal. He was only a tour guide. He was guiding another group, when our people found him."

This must have been very dramatic. The kind guide had just been guiding a group, and people had fabricated lies about him...

"So, this was nothing but fabricated news?" Qin Guan was speechless. He was shocked by the brave attempt of the Taiwanese.

# Chapter 956: Early Retirement

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It was reasonable for artists to make headlines before releasing a new album. They had to do so with true news though, instead of fabricated ones. If this had happened on the Chinese mainland, Sun would have been punished for disturbing public order and been forced out of the industry.

"Thanks, He Ming. I'll treat you to dinner back at home. Don't stay in New York. Come back to China when you have spare time."

"I will."

When Qin Guan called Jay Chou and told him the truth, Jay fell silent for a while.

He knew immediately who had leaked the news. Chen Zeshan, EMI's director, was a brave, smart guy. He had started his career as a composer and climbed up to his current position by using his own strength.

He was a great example of a talented man who had risen from the bottom of the hierarchy.

While he had been working at EMI, he had discovered Jolin Tsai, Stefanie Sun, A-Mei and Show Luo. In two years, EMI had taken the lead in the music circle, beating Rolling Stone, Global and The Millennium in the process.

The man was brave enough to divert the public's attention and steal the spotlight in shameless ways. Sun's new album would become very popular after that incident.

That brave man was the rulemaker of the Taiwanese music scene. Jay was his equal, though. That was why his interview had been promoted by the media. If he had been a nobody, people would never have heard about it.

A group of singers with the same interests followed his advice, as his brave proposals had made them popular and earned them

bigger profits.

What could Jay Chou do?

"Leave this to me. In a few days, the Chinese media will release an announcement from the embassy to comfort tourists. As you know, the tourism industry contributes greatly to government taxation. This exploration of a new route has cost businessmen a lot. They won't sit and watch as their businesses are ruined by fabricated news. The Chinese agencies and the Egyptian government will do something about this."

Chou hung up in relief. As expected, the news started getting published the next day. All web portals and TV stations were talking about the fake news concerning Sun. Taiwan also heard the shocking news.

The paparazzi went crazy!

Are you an idiot? This is not ancient times, when liars got away with everything. This is the Information Age, so such actions are reckless and unwise.

Sun had come across an unprecedented risk. Singers without integrity were abandoned by their fans. Her album would be useless now.

Chen had not expected this. To his surprise, there were people in the world that were treating these news as seriously as the end of the world.

Qin Guan sneezed again. A lot of people had been missing him lately.

Despite Chou's expectations, as soon as the news were leaked, EMI fired Chen due to his poor performance. It was not Jay Chou who had destroyed his career, but Sun, the singer he had tried his best to promote.

Sun seemed reluctant and aggrieved when she faced the cameras. People could tell that she had been forced to do so.

She even stuttered a little.

"This was a promotion strategy of the company..."

"Manager Chen told me..."

"He just wanted to divert the attention of the media."

"No, you must have misunderstood. I'm not resentful..."

She could have won an acting award.

EMI was under great pressure from all directions, including the Chinese mainland and Egypt. Everyone knew that they would have to sacrifice some things to save the company. Thus, Chen's dismissal was not a surprise. It was actually a crucial decision that had to be taken fast.

Chen, who had been betrayed both by Sun and EMI, faced the consequences and left the music circle in defeat.

Soon, he would be forgotten by everyone.

# Chapter 957: Plotting

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Qin Guan greeted all the guests at the promotional event for "Lust, Caution" in Venice. He was wearing a formal outfit designed and tailored personally by GIN, the winner of the fourth season of "Project Runway".

The lucky winner had gone to Venice as Qin Guan's temporary fashion advisor. He was also given the chance to learn from Armani's designers.

This was every designer's dream. Plus, the event would be covered by every fashion magazine in New York. Although it would probably be published in a small corner, this was a rare chance greenhands only got once in a blue moon.

NBC had also sent reporters to Venice to boast about the news. They would shoot a short video of Qin Guan at the Venice Film Festival for promotional purposes.

As soon as the New York Fashion Week ended, NBC would broadcast the program and promote it aggressively.

"This is the secret guest of the fourth season."

"The New York Fashion Week is a feast for supermodels."

"The private fashion party gathered a selection of the most amazing designers."

"Let's all worship Qin Quan and Tim!"

Qin Guan and Tim stood shoulder to shoulder and told the camera together, "We are ready for the fourth season. What about you?"

Most American viewers would watch that silly clip when they turned on their TVs. They all loved funny and dramatic promotional videos. Even the upper-class citizens living on the Upper East Side, who only watched the financial news and current

affairs, stopped flipping through channels.

More and more people fell in love with the show thanks to its tight schedule, Qin Guan's brilliant presence and Tim's fame. It was not a hasty project. They had even hired an award-winning actor.

When the news about Qin Guan's participation in "Project Runway" was released, his fans in China were annoyed.

"Great! We can watch the show in Hong Kong."

"Some Japanese TV stations have bought the broadcasting rights."

"So did some South Korean ones. The show might be broadcast a little later, though."

The Chinese, who did not like to watch other people celebrate, came up with all kinds of strange ideas.

"If I install a better antenna, will I be able to receive signal from other countries?"

"I don't think that would work."

"We could share our resources online. American people like to record some classic shows on tape."

"Yes, we could ask someone to send the episodes through the internet."

"I speak English well. I could create subtitles for everyone..."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"No idea, but we definitely won't make profit from it."

The topic was changed automatically to Venice to push away all evil thoughts.

When Venice was mentioned, most people thought of boats and bridges. However, Qin Guan's fans had a different reaction.

# Chapter 958: The Country With The Most Handsome Guys

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Venice was not a welcoming city. It was the least popular major European film festival that hadn't nominated Qin Guan for an award.

It was like a shy maid in a mask who dared not reveal her face.

However, that ceremony was different from the previous ones. Qin Guan had been shortlisted for the Best Supporting Actor Award. Plus, he was also one of the nominees for the Best Actor Award with his role in "Lust, Caution".

The organizers also attached great importance to his presence there. Thanks to his status, they had generously granted him an independent position on the red carpet.

As everyone knew, stars could show up with the directors or other members of the crew at international film festivals. This was the best chance for everyone to show off.

Sometimes, the organizers arranged for all the members of a film to walk on the carpet as a group, with a few steps between them to facilitate the host's interviews and the reporters' questions. However, most people would rush or stall so they could stand out and create the illusion of being the sole person on the carpet. This way, the studio and the invited reporters could collect better material.

The reporters were not qualified to walk on the carpet. The only ones who could were the members of the judge committee and international superstars.

Being a superstar meant that more than half of the international reporters recognized one's face.

Thus, the organizers of the Venice Festival thought that Qin Guan qualified. Plus, he was exactly what the festival needed.

The Venice Film Festival was an indie festival, so it was inferior to Cannes in terms of commerce and to Berlin in terms of politics. The proud festival, which had started in 1932, had the longest history out of the three.

It sure couldn't sacrifice its status in favor of money or politics. Venice focused on art.

Because of the festival's purity though, the other two festivals were much more influential and popular than it was, which made things very awkward.

The sustainable development of an international film festival lay in the quality of its films and its global influence. Venice had reached a dead end by over-emphasizing on art and filmmakers from around the world.

Novelty films and unique skills were encouraged. Although they had some flaws, creative projects were very welcome in Venice. The organizers advocated that films should be strictly dedicated to art. Such a film festival couldn't attract the attention of the new generation or find its place in modern life.

Thus, the organizers had gradually made things worse. The selected films were mostly projects of unknown directors. Talented people were rare in the world. Not all independent filmmakers were real geniuses.

It was during this awkward phase that Qin Guan would come and bring world-wide attention and audience ratings.

The organizing committee could foresee that this would be the ceremony with the highest ratings.

A few days before the ceremony, reporters from around the world had already filled most of the local hotels. Fans were also pouring into the city, embarrassing the locals, who couldn't accommodate them.

The principal of the festival was very annoyed. It had been his

choice to arrange for Qin Guan to walk alone on the red carpet.

However, now he was pondering the issue of security. Soon, he got a message from a man named Salvador, who had negotiated with the Italian police and solved the problem.

The police had made an internal selection and picked a group of handsome men who would attend the festival to show Italy's good image.

Italians were blessed, in a sense. The rate of handsome guys in Italy was two to one.

# Chapter 959: The Venice Film Festival

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Qin Guan let down his guard as soon as he got out of the car at the grand venue. This had to be the most crowded film festival he had ever participated in. Not one of the most crowded, but the most crowded.

As the permanent venue of the festival, the Lido Film Palace was considered the holy hand of indie films. It had actually been especially designed to meet the demands of the festival. Even under normal circumstances, the red carpet and the golden lion standing at the center of the square were dazzling under the scorching sunshine of Italy.

Everything there was about indie films. The old black-and-white photos and posters made everyone feel nostalgic. Although the adjacent Westin Hotel was not the most luxurious hotel in Venice, tourists liked to stay there during their trip.

That holy land was as crowded as the temple fair during the Spring Festival in China. After the ceremony, one could find hundreds of shoes there.

As Qin Guan got out of the car, he tried to look calm. When he waved at everyone, he heard screams in response.

Cameras and cell phones were sparkling around him as people shouted and screamed from all directions.

This was Qin Guan's most confusing experience at a red carpet event. People watched him as he walked at a steady pace with a gentle smile on his face. He greeted everyone without exception.

Actually, anyone who was close to him would be able to see that he was detached. He was only relying on his instincts.

Qin Guan ignored the flashes and screams and tried his best to walk to the end of the carpet. The handsome policemen couldn't do anything to help him. They were trapped in the crowd, so they

were unable to protect anyone or even fend for themselves.

Fortunately, Qin Guan walked the entire length of the carpet successfully and entered the hall. Most of the seats were already occupied. Ang Lee and Jiang Wen were sitting next to each other and talking about something happily.

This was a typical seating arrangement at the Venice Festival. Directors with close relationships would be seated close to each other to facilitate negotiations.

Qin Guan's seat was between the two crews, arranged deliberately this way by the organizers.

There was nothing unique about the Venice Film Festival. The awards, which were fewer than at the other two festivals, included the Golden Lion, the Silver Lion, the Best Actor Award, the Best Actress Award, the Special Award and the Golden Osellas. Despite their small number, their value was shockingly high in the indie film circle.

Thus, the audience was stupefied when the host announced the nominees for the Best Actor Award.

"According to the tradition of the Venice Film Festival, if an actor applies for the Best Actor Award with two already shortlisted films, only one of them will be selected for the final round. You must know who the lucky guy is. Yes, it's Qin Guan from China! Two of his films were selected for the next round. I have to express my apology to Director Jiang Wen, though. After thorough deliberation, the judges decided that Qin Guan will compete with the film 'Lust, Caution'."

You don't need to apologize. I'm not on the list of nominees for the Best Actor Award.

# Chapter 960: Grand Slam

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Actually, in Jiang Wen's opinion, Qin Guan's role in the film was only a supporting one. However, there was no Best Supporting Actor Award at the Venice Film Festival, so the judges had reached the conclusion that Qin Guan would be considered the main character of the film.

When the final moment came, even Qin Guan listened to the host's words nervously. If an actor had two films selected for the final round, but still missed the opportunity to win, it would be a big embarrassment for them.

People were looking at Qin Guan enviously. They believed that he had to be the winner. Otherwise, the host would not have clarified that. Brad Pitt, who was sitting nearby, looked offended.

His career was flying and he had married Angelina Jolie and gotten rid of his ex-wife's influence. Thanks to his rising value, the American actor had become one of the best actors in Hollywood.

His film "The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford" was on the final list of nominees. It was an outstanding film way out of Qin Guan's league that told a story about cowboys. If Qin Guan had been cast, he would only have been able to play a Chinese labor worker.

Pitt still held a grudge because of his fight with Qin Guan in the lounge. Although he was a brave, unrestrained man, he always felt uneasy around the Chinese man.

Actually, everyone had misunderstood the host's words. The first person to find out the winner's name would be the special guest that would open the envelope.

The special guest announced the winner calmly.

"The winner of the Best Actor Award is Qin Guan with his film 'Lust, Caution'. Thanks to his fine depiction of the character and

unique acting style, he has presented us with an outstanding historical Asian film! Let's applaud for our winner, Qin Guan."

The audience did as it was told.

Qin Guan stood up and walked to the stage. In the short distance that he had to cross, people stood up to greet him as he passed, showing their respect for the award winner.

Qin Guan took the statue of the lion with the spread wings and bowed.

"I would like to thank the judges. I finally achieved a grand slam. Of course, this is not my award for not being single anymore."

Everyone who was in the know smiled and nodded. Yes, the young man had already achieved his goal.

The award had come just in time to be a gift for his wedding ceremony.

"Now, I have a new dream. I will keep working until I achieve another grand slam. My new goal is to win awards at the five biggest international film festivals..."

Qin Guan finished his speech quickly and surrendered the floor to the host. Then, the crucial moment came. Ang Lee and Jiang Wen parted immediately, straightened their clothes and sat up properly.

"The winner of the Golden Lion is 'Lust, Caution'!"

Qin Guan, who was sitting between the two men, felt ice on his left and flames on his right. Both directors remained calm, but Qin Guan could feel the difference in temperature between them.

This was already Ang Lee's second Golden Lion. No director could be more grateful. Each award was a milestone in his career that indicated his value and professionalism.

What made a director famous? Awards, of course!

That was why Chinese directors went for unpopular indie films.

To win awards! Even if one won just one international award, they wouldn't need to accumulate any experience in the circle anymore. They would become famous overnight.

# Chapter 961: Cheers! Good Boys!

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All the directors of the sixth generation shared the same ideas. They worked both for their dreams and fame.

Even though the SARFT set strict prohibitions, directors bet all they had on independent films, thus expressing their enthusiasm for underground movies. Ang Lee won the Golden Lion again, which showed the judges' love for Chinese directors.

The awards, which focused on artistic films, would keep welcoming Chinese films in the future.

Qin Guan had a bright future ahead of him.

However, this Grand Slam made him turn over in his bed, unable to fall asleep. He eventually picked up the phone.

The phone happened to ring at exactly that moment. According to the caller ID, it was a call from Cong Nianwei, the person who understood him the best in the world.

"Hello, darling. Why are you calling me this late?"

"I knew that you wouldn't be able to fall asleep. If I didn't call you, you'd just call me later."

"You know me so well. Did you hear that I won another acting award?"

"Yes, I watched the live broadcast. I heard your speech."

"I was just trying to be funny. Don't think too much about it. Have I kept my promise?"

"If you mean your promise to put the biggest awards in the world on that shelf, then yes."

"Really? Does this mean that we can have a grand wedding ceremony now?"

"Grand?"

"What do you think of the ceremony the Prince of the UK threw?"

"That's funny, but the media will criticize you for it."

Qin Guan almost choked. He was left speechless.

These days, rich people have to be careful with their behavior. This is money I earned through hard personal work. I should have the right to spend it however I please. The public's hate for the rich is a serious issue in China.

People couldn't find real happiness by increasing their income after all. A contented mind was a perpetual feast.

Qin Guan hung up feeling resentful. Cong Nianwei refused to consider having a wedding ceremony before the Olympic stadium was finished. Thus, Qin Guan had enough time to build their home.

Maybe I should earn some money for our wedding ceremony first.

His work overseas had come to an end, so Qin Guan decided to take advantage of the events in Venice and return to China.

Meanwhile, he called the director of "Cheers! Good Boys! 2007" and spoke to him on the phone about a program on Dragon Television. Qin Guan was just in time for the last seat on the judge panel. The auditions, which had lasted four months, had finally come to an end. All the talented individuals would gather in Shanghai for the final. After some general training, they would fight for a place among the top 10.

This award was the most valuable one in China. It even beat "Super Boy" when it came to audience ratings. Dragon and Hunan, who were big rivals, scheduled the two programs in similar time slots in an effort to capture the attention of the younger audience.

Girls around the nation were divided in two camps that supported different idols from the two TV shows. Dragon Television, which was smart and bold, took a final chance on the

talent show in 2007. The SARFT would issue regulations and adjustments to guide the young viewers' opinion later. In 2008, Chinese talent shows would become more sensible.

As a result, in an era when everyone needed an idol, this particular show enjoyed wonderful audience ratings.

When the producers saw Qin Guan, they went mad with joy. They knew that he was the God of Fortune. The boss of J Clothing had also weeded out all the competitors and become the final sponsor of the show.

The man was confident about the show because of Qin Guan, who had told him that he would be participating as a guest judge. The two of them were long-term partners, so the boss made a decision without hesitation.

# Chapter 962: The Chinese Television and Acting Association

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The director's face was stiff as he finished his negotiation with Qin Guan. Then, Sister Xue pulled Qin Guan away to fill in a form.

It was an application for the Chinese Television and Acting Association.

In the past, actors had been employed by the government. These days though, they all followed the international standards and worked as freelancers. Thus, regulating their behavior, clarifying their direction when it came to work and life, and setting goals for the media had become the government's job.

Due to the lack of standards, some actors who became famous overnight had a very negative influence on the public. They engaged in fights, drove under the influence, took drugs and generally embarrassed the entertainment circle.

The association, which had been an initiative of actors from the Chinese mainland, had been founded in collaboration with other influential Chinese actors living abroad. It was actually an independent society approved by the government and the SARFT.

As a famous actor, Qin Guan had to support the association at its new beginning.

When he filled in the paperwork, Qin Guan was informed about the general guidelines of the association. The guidelines seemed like an official document, which made him feel suspicious.

This seemingly spontaneous society was actually a national association of actors controlled by the government. All its members had to be careful what they said and did in public.

The admission criteria and fees confirmed Qin Guan's suspicions. People like him, who had won awards both domestically and

internationally, could become members directly without paying any fees, but even ordinary actors only had to pay 10-20 yuan annually.

Such a fee was not enough to pay for a tea party, let alone a grand gala.

Is there perhaps a selfless sponsor involved? God knows!

Before he could come back to his senses, Sister Xue handed Qin Guan two certificates.

"What are these?"

"Your professional qualification certificates."

"What the f\*ck..."

The two red certificates were his Acting Certification and his Membership Card.

The second one was easy to understand, but the first one... Qin Guan had never taken any acting exams.

"It's a reward. The chairman of the association said that you can get it without taking an exam. It would be ridiculous for you to sit such an exam. It's a reward. Understand?"

He was getting the special treatment for winning every acting award in existence.

I should express my appreciation to the organization and the directors.

"Who is the chairman this year?"

"Tang Guoqiang."

He's not an acquaintance of mine. I'll do this later.

Qin Guan had no idea that he would meet those nationally-exclusive actors later.

As soon as he arrived in Shanghai, he received a document from the association. They were notifying him about the importance of

the right direction of TV and entertainment news, as well as the severe punishment of spreading fake news.

Qin Guan was confused by the notice, but the staff of "Cheers! Good Boys!" explained everything to him.

"You must ignore the media, sir. There have been a lot of fabricated news lately. Reporters are very inventive when it comes to making up news about social affairs. Fake news have been published in magazines and newspapers. Some were even broadcast on TV. They have been causing chaos everywhere. This is a very big deal."

What was going on? Qin Guan was curious.

Wang let out a long sigh.

"Forget it. Just finish your job first. As soon as you are done, I'll send you all the relative material at the hotel."

"Okay. Just don't forget."

# Chapter 963: The Final

---

Lin Chi-Ling had been hired as the female brand ambassador of J Clothing. In an effort to challenge the Hunan Station, the Dragon Station had changed the show's airtime and tried its best to improve the program all around.

They had also invited some famous stars, including Fan Pingping and Annie Yi, for publicity reasons. They were both talking with Lin happily.

Huang Xiaoming, who had also been invited, was sitting with his fans. By that time, he had already become known as the most handsome guy in the world. Wherever he was and whatever he did, the expression on his face was always confident.

Unfortunately, Qin Guan arrived right at that moment. Although he was the same age as Fan Pingping and Huang Xiaoming, he took the lead. The way he walked to his seat wordlessly spoke volumes about his status.

Dragon Television had set strict criteria for the audience on site. Only loyal fans with fan club certificates could get an invitation. They had to keep the competition smooth by helping the staff maintain the order. Thus, when the judges and guests started to arrive, the fans controlled themselves and tried not to get over-excited.

However, Qin Guan's arrival broke the silence. The girls screamed out in an effort to express their love and waved LED boards in the direction of Qin Guan's seat. The other stars felt a little embarrassed. They had only heard a couple of claps when they had entered the site.

The response of the fans was the final acknowledgement of a star's value. Huang Xiaoming couldn't stay in his seat. Although they were the same age, he stood up, walked over to Qin Guan and stretched out his right hand.

"How are you, Brother Qin? I'm Huang Xiaoming. I've heard a lot about you from Director Zhang Jizhong."

"How are you?" Qin Guan shook his hand. "You are really polite. I thought you were older than me."

Fan Pingping approached them. She came from the same town as Huang.

"I can confirm his words. Qin Guan is the same age as me. We were all born in 1980."

Her words made Huang feel awkward.

Qin Guan changed the topic. "So you are the protagonist in Director Zhang's film? It's a good film."

"Yes, it is. I would like to thank you. I only got the role because you were abroad at the time. I also want to thank you for not leaking the news. I wouldn't have accepted the role otherwise."

"Why?"

Because I didn't want the audience to compare me with you!

They talked happily until the final eventually began and everyone had to return to their own seat. Qin Guan was sitting in the middle of the judge panel, so that the cameramen's job was easier.

People were never treated equally.

When the music started playing, everyone began to anticipate the start of the exciting final.

"All the contestants of the final round will show up now," Fan Pingping whispered to Qin Guan. She had studied them all carefully.

Qin Guan shot a meaningful look at her. Fan flushed.

"I had to get to know the next generation."

Qin Guan turned his eyes to the stage. As Fan had said, the 10

contestants had gotten on the stage.

Qin Guan found their outfits terrible. He had worked in the fashion circle, so he was a pretty picky guy.

# Chapter 964: The Meaning Of A TV Show

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All of them had thick bangs. There was no exception. Most of them were wearing white clothes covered in silver paillettes. If one ignored their weak chests, the boys actually had nice features.

It was a pity that they lacked good taste. The style of the Paris Fashion Week had been deeply engraved in Qin Guan's mind.

When he saw the protagonists of the show, who were the top three contestants around the world, Qin Guan thought the organizers were very smart.

They had dressed the other seven boys in ugly clothes to make the top three stand out. Their black fitting suits made them look handsome and gave them a better chance of getting a close-up, thus creating the illusion that they were the most outstanding among the top 10.

As the grand vocal cycle ended, a video was projected on the screen. Fans from China and around the world expressed their best wishes for the show. As they watched fans from America speak, Fan whispered to Qin Guan, "Is the show that popular in America?"

"No idea. I was too busy working to pay attention to it."

I shouldn't have pulled the rug from under their feet.

When the video ended, the host began to introduce the judges to the audience. The program had put a lot of effort into inviting guests that represented the younger generation of the film and TV circle.

The host read the familiar names out loud one by one.

"I think everyone knows this guy. He is one of the most handsome men in China. Who is he?"

"Huang Xiaoming!" the audience shouted. Huang stood up, feeling a little embarrassed.

"I'm flattered, but I do not deserve this title. Qin Guan is sitting right next to me!"

Lao Liang, who was the host, had proven himself to be the pillar of Dragon Television.

"Don't worry," he answered smartly. "I'll introduce him as one of the most handsome men in the world later."

"Ha ha!"

The judges and the audience burst into laughter. Fans started waving glow sticks from the back row. They were all caught off guard by Qin Guan's participation.

Back in April, the judges' list for the final had habitually started appearing in the media every day, creating some kind of trend. At the time, Qin Guan had not been on the list, as he had been abroad. The organizers had not been hoping that he would return, so they had been just as surprised as the fans.

In the end, they had decided to keep the news a secret until the live broadcast. All the fans left go of their differences and united. They used glow sticks and LEDs to form Qin Guan's name. This was their way of expressing their love for him.

All the contestants, including Jing Boran, Ren Qiaoliang and Li Yifeng, were ignored. Who would be interested in them when Qin Guan was there?

The atmosphere became awkward, but the host remained calm and the director was confident.

What was the goal of the program?

No one cared about discovering new talent for the entertainment circle, finding lovely boys for girls to fall in love with, or realizing the dreams of ordinary people. Their goal was to get high audience ratings, find sponsors, influence the audience and sell the copyrights of the show.

This was the objective of the program.

Suddenly, the audience ratings rose dramatically, surpassing those of Hunan Television. It was not a slow process, but a quick escalation.

# Chapter 965: Youth

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"Wow! Qin Guan has joined the show!"

"I can see him! This is our first close encounter!"

"The screen is too short for me!"

"He's not wearing any makeup! He is so brave!"

"He's outshining every other star around him!"

As more and more people joined the discussion on the show's online forum, more and more people heard the news and turned on their TVs.

"It's true! I thought it was fake news!"

"If God gave me a second chance, I wouldn't give the invitation to my friend this time!"

"Regret is useless. We should just enjoy the moment."

"Yes!"

"Exactly!"

Everyone fell silent. If the contestants were aware of the situation, they would have burst into tears.

We have become mere extras in our own show!

Everyone on site knew that if any experienced award-winning actors were there, they would also have been lost in the background.

As Lao Liang finished his interview with Huang Xiaoming, the cameramen fixed their cameras on Qin Guan. In an effort to create more topics of conversation, Lao Liang began to encourage the audience's enthusiasm.

"Now, let's get to the next judge. Who is he?"

"Qin Guan! The most handsome guy in the world!" everyone

shouted together before they started screaming.

"As the host, I would like to ask him a question. Qin Guan, if you were 10 years younger, would you participate in our program as a contestant?"

Of course not. 10 years ago, Qin Guan had still been a loser.

He was getting paid for this though, so he couldn't tell the truth.

Qin Guan's smile was like a lightning among dark clouds.

"Guess."

This was the most annoying answer in the world. People who answered like this should get beaten.

Of course, Lao Liang dared not beat Qin Guan. He just had to make up for his bad answer.

"Qin Guan is the most popular actor in China, so he wouldn't have needed our show to succeed."

"Yes!"

"He is right!"

Lao Liang didn't know how to continue.

Fortunately, Qin Guan was a considerate man.

"No, you are wrong. My fans know how many years I've spent working towards these achievements."

"Seven years!"

"Just like Huang said, the young men on this stage have only spent three months! In the past, actors had to work a longer time to impress the audience. These are golden times for actors. All they have to do is show their talent."

"You should appreciate the platform Dragon Television is providing you with. If you make enough effort, you will be in my place someday, witnessing other people rise to fame."

Yes, it was easier for actors to get famous now. The young boys on the stage already had their own fan clubs. When they grew up, their fans would be the pillars of society and their best customers.

This was a rare chance, but young people were precious.

Qin Guan's short interview ended. The other guests were not from the acting circle. They all came from film companies like Huayi. Wang Zhonglei had become the official representative of Huayi. Qin Guan's recommendation had helped him join the live broadcast.

In the past, it might have taken one 10 years to become a superstar, but nowadays, four years were enough for an entire new generation to become famous.

# Chapter 966: The Winner's Outfit

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Fans forgot easily. They were always fickle with their affection. That was why the most crucial task of a film company was to understand the pulse of the market and keep up with the times and the competition.

Those greenhands currently had a low value, so they were deeply grateful for this chance. They knew that this talent show was nothing but a beginning. Even if they won, they would still have to compete with other young actors.

Job opportunities were better than money.

That was why Dragon Television had given a seat to Wang Zhonglei from Huayi. In exchange, Huayi had promised to sign a contract with a couple of actors.

The boys on the stage were nervous. They tried their best to show Wang their talent in order to join the biggest film company in China.

The boys were right. Qin Guan and Wang Zhonglei had already ticked some names. They didn't pay any attention to the votes of the viewers at home. All insiders knew that text-message voting was unreliable after all.

Judging by the program's popularity and the support of the agency, the winner had already been decided internally.

Jing Boran, who looked like he was Korean, was a cute boy that was popular among the audience. After the talent show, he would be promoted and turned into a steady source of money.

The boys at the second and third place didn't impress Qin Guan or Wang, but Li Yifeng, who was at the fourth place, was a handsome guy. If he had a small plastic surgery on his face, he would definitely become a prince charming 10 years later.

Why 10 years? Because Qin Guan had no plans to retire anytime

soon. All those boys could do was pray that he would age sooner.

The next performances entertained Qin Guan. The boss of J Clothing had gone out of control again. He had designed a full outfit for the winner, including a cloak, a shoulder sash, a pair of boots and a helmet. The outfit looked like the costume of an ancient Mongolian general.

When it was revealed to the audience, Qin Guan almost burst into laughter. He wanted to increase J Clothing's popularity in China.

Lao Liang was calm as he put on the cloak. "This is the outfit of our winner! It's a gift sponsored by J Clothing."

If I was one of those three, I would lose the competition to avoid wearing that thing.

It was a long battle that lasted more than two hours. Suddenly, Qin Guan realized why they had hired him at such a high cost.

He had suffered a great loss. He was a successful businessman who could earn thousands of dollars per minute. This was a waste of his time. As he watched the other annoyed stars, Qin Guan calmed down.

The show was finally coming to an end. When they awarded the winner, his job would be finished.

"Let's welcome Mr. Qin Guan, our guest judge who will award our winner!"

"Qin Guan!"

Hey! The audience had to hail the winner, not Qin Guan.

However, no one objected, including the winner. Jing Boran was still in that ridiculous outfit as he took the award from Qin Guan's hands excitedly.

# Chapter 967: Be Careful Around Qin Guan

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Everyone shouted in unison.

"We want to see Qin Guan wear it!"

Are you kidding?

"Qin Guan! Qin Guan!"

Even Huang Xiaoming and Fan Pingping kicked up a fuss.

"We want to see his glamor, too. This is a robe of honor!"

"Besides, it was designed by J Clothing. You are the brand's ambassador..." Lin Zhiling added.

Everyone on site fixed their eyes on Qin Guan eagerly. He couldn't do anything but stretch his hand out to Jing Boran.

"Just give me the hat and the cloak."

"No problem." The owner of the costume changed fast.

Although he was wearing suit pants and leather shoes, Qin Guan looked like a real general in armor. Now everyone could see the difference between those young actors and Qin Guan.

It was like the difference between an ugly duckling and a white swan. There was only one Qin Guan in the world!

The camera was fixed on Qin Guan's mighty look. The fans before their TVs burst into tears. This was worth the wait. They all turned on their computers to share their delight with their friends.

"Let's comment on Qin Guan's first appearance on a talent show."

"I'm pleased to hear that Qin Guan was invited to be a guest judge on the show. This was his first participation in a TV program, but it was really satisfying for his fans, who have been eager to see their idol live and hear the latest news."

"As a loyal fan of Qin Guan's, I can say that his looks and figure are both natural. His films, photos and TV shows have not been

subject to excessive editing or photoshop."

"Based on this live broadcast, I can conclude that it was a wise decision for Qin Guan to rarely participate in live TV shows. He is too busy with his work and he does not need the money. Actually, according to my analysis, he only participated out of kindness. Don't be surprised. I'll show you evidence."

The writer posted a photo, in which Qin Guan was sitting next to Huang Xiaoming.

"Look at their feet. Their heads are almost at the same level, but Qin Guan's legs are longer than Huang's by a full 10 centimeters! What does this mean?"

"That Huang has short legs?"

"It means that somebody is faking his height! Let's look at them closer."

"The 10 young men on the stage will be analyzed later. Let's just talk about the two guys sitting together, who are the same age. While Qin Guan was absent from the Chinese mainland, the actor we promoted the most was Huang. He could be considered a male copy of Fang Pingping."

"What happens when the most handsome guy in China encounters the most handsome guy in the world? If I was Huang, I would calm down and try to improve my acting skills. Then, I would select a film for a good actor, instead of a handsome one. It would be a shame for anyone to meet Qin Guan without an advantage."

"After this live broadcast, all Chinese acting agents will turn down any invitation for their actors to show up anywhere with Qin Guan. If somebody wants to gain popularity, they should be careful around Qin Guan."

The truth was really funny!

Some fans agreed, while others did not. The topics about Qin

Guan started increasing online. Even foreign fans got involved in the conversation.

Although Qin Guan's job was over, he did not leave. In order to avoid the crazy fans, all the judges waited backstage until the audience left. They took advantage of this chance to communicate with each other and expand their social circle.

# Chapter 968: The News Disaster

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Among all the judges, Annie Shizuka Inou was the only one that Qin Guan had never communicated with. Harlem Yu was Qin Guan's good friend, so he didn't want to have too much contact with this woman.

As an insider, one had to clarify who was their friend and stand on their side through gossip and other events. This was the best way to maintain a friendship.

Meanwhile, Director Zhang Yuan wanted to have a private word with Qin Guan. This was too much trouble for Qin Guan though, so he kindly passed this chance on to Huang and Fan.

Actually, Qin Guan had good connections with many directors, so he knew a lot of secrets. Virtue was a crucial criteria for Qin Guan when he made friends or selected a partner. Zhang Yuan was exactly the kind of person Qin Guan would never get along with.

He turned to Wang Zhonglei to discuss a way to invite Li Yifeng to Huayi. As they walked to the parking lot, Wang suddenly told Qin Guan, "Will you come to the company tomorrow? We have been made an offer, but we couldn't make a decision."

"A decision about what?"

"The government wants us to produce a TV series about the army and the Anti-Japanese War."

"What? I thought this was the job of the August First Film Studio."

"It's just a script about army life. It's different from traditional military stories though, so it must be approved by the military and produced by someone who does not lack capital. They know that you are interested in supporting good scripts, so they sent it to us."

"Okay. See you in the office tomorrow afternoon. We can also discuss next year's overall investment plan."

"Okay, see you."

Qin Guan was a busy man, so when he flew somewhere he had some precious time to find a way to entertain himself. On the way back to Beijing, he kept laughing at the warning letter published on every media by the SARFT.

At the time, ordinary people tended to believe newspapers and TV stations. They accepted information without questioning it, which made Qin Guan worry about their IQ.

Due to the difficulty of communication, news about foreign countries were the easiest to twist. One had to use their own judgement when reading news regarding ordinary life.

If Chinese people lacked the ability to think independently, they would be in danger.

The news Qin Guan was reading was a good example.

"Buns made out of paper boxes were found in the capital..."

The capital TV station reported that some unscrupulous traders in the Chaoyang District had used waste paper as filling for buns. Plenty of citizens had believed the news, so the buns could not be sold for a long time.

Qin Guan burst into laughter. This was actually fabricated news. The editor of the program had found some labor workers and filmed a fake live show.

This was the most serious case of fabricated news so far. The culprit had been sentenced to one year in prison and paid a fine of 1,000 yuan. More and more fake news like this were uncovered in 2007.

The worst publication was "Zhiyin" magazine, which was filled with fabricated news about vicious stepmothers abusing their husbands' daughters, mothers adopting 176 soldiers, and other outrageous stories.

By publishing such crazy stories, the magazine just aimed to boost its sales through its thrilling titles. It had never taken into account the validity of the published news.

There was no specific department that supervised the news reported by the media, so the government didn't know what to do about this.

After a long discussion, the Ministry of Culture successfully shifted all responsibility to the SARFT. This had been the origin behind the letter.

One had to take care of themselves during a disaster.

Qin Guan burst into tears when he read the news that Sammo Hung had died once again.

Soon, he reached his apartment. After he rested for a day, he would go to Huayi for the meeting.

# Chapter 969: The General Stockholder Meeting

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The next morning, Qin Guan reached the offices of Huayi 15 minutes early. He hadn't expected that he would be only one of many early birds. When he got there, over half of the seats were already taken.

Everyone straightened their clothes and sat up properly, as if this was an extraordinary assembly that would determine the fate of the Earth.

As soon as Qin Guan entered, everyone fixed their eyes on him. The Wang Brothers were absent, so as the third major stockholder of Huayi, Qin Guan was the most important person in the meeting room. Plus, he was also an award-winning actor, a celebrity and a young entrepreneur. Everyone was serious about the meeting.

Qin Guan took a seat. Some department directors stood up to greet him, as he rarely ever showed up at the company. Although Qin Guan never got involved in everyday work, he had the ability to fire them all.

It was funny to see a group of middle-aged men line up to shake hands with a young man. Qin Guan had to stand up and talk to them one by one.

Actually, I'm not interested in the operations of the company. You are all safe. I'm not a mighty CEO who would fire a manager or an assistant...

Qin Guan kept a gentle smile on his face until the very last minute. The directors thought very highly of him.

"It's rare to see such a young and humble stockholder."

"Yes, some people pretend to be easy-going, but they are actually really proud behind closed doors..."

Actually, they didn't know Qin Guan well. They just judged him based on his looks and what they read in the media. Easy-going? They should have seen him squatting on the ground to eat watermelon in the summer.

The young men returned to their seats and began to talk, holding their hands in delight.

"Ha! I shook hands with QIn Guan!"

"For how long?"

"Five seconds! I counted on my mind!"

"That's nothing. I talked to him!"

"What did you say?"

"I told him I was a loyal fan of his..."

"I won't be washing my hand today..."

The meeting was about to begin, when the Wang Brothers arrived. At first, all the departments reported the progress of their work. This was a common start for a shareholders' meeting. When the main part ended, they talked about their investment plan and fund allocation. Everyone took out their weapons. Some managers even rolled up their sleeves.

When profit and resources were on the line, even friends turned into enemies. As the discussion got more and more heated, Qin Guan scooched closer to Wang, who was sitting nearby.

"Shall we take care of the problem with the Ministry of Culture first? You are really vicious. Do you like to watch them fight? You could stop the fight with just one word."

Wang shook his head at Qin Guan. "This is different from your accounting firm. We can't make a precise plan. There are too many changes in the entertainment circle and too many trends to follow. We'll decide on the basic capital allocation today. That's the only certain source of capital for everyone. It's their livelihood."

"We have too many people on site, so everyone has to pay attention and be polite. If this was an exclusive meeting, they would have really sprung to action."

You sure sound happy...

"You have a point, though. We shouldn't delay everyone."

The Wang Brothers nodded and put an end to the argument.

"I think everyone has a general idea of the investment focus of our programs in 2008. Have you read all the scripts? We'll focus on Director Feng Xiaogang's romantic comedy 'If You Are The One'. Are there any comments?"

"I agree!"

"Fine by me!"

# Chapter 970: At The Construction Site

---

As soon as the meeting ended, Qin Guan was invited to the Wang Brothers' office.

"Bro, we won't let you take the risk alone. We are good friends, right? We should take the risk together. You are welcome."

They made a plan eagerly without consulting Qin Guan.

What could Qin Guan say? The two of them had to figure out the bright future of the script. Plus, he was a little impatient. They both saw through him.

Friendship was more important than profit after all. However, a win-win situation beat everything. Besides, the main lead had to be approved by both of them, as well as the director.

Qin Guan wanted to choose the actor.

"Okay, but splitting the risk evenly is not a good idea. You can take 30%. I want to recommend a guy for the leading role."

"No problem. Who is it?"

"Wang Baoqiang."

"Wang Baoqiang?"

"The miner in 'Blind Well' and Shagen in 'A World Without Thieves'."

The Wang Brothers remembered him.

"His looks fit the part. We can discuss this with the director."

After his role in Director Feng Xiaogang's film, the actor had become popular in the circle. However, he was still defined by his redneck image. After several attempts in shoddy TV shows, Wang Baoqiang had disappeared again.

Qin Guan couldn't understand his choice. In his opinion, Huang Bo was a clever, hard-working man. He was serious with every tiny

role and underwent all kinds of training in his spare time. He also tentatively rejected commercials and variety shows. He was a steady actor!

It was his personality that affected his fate.

Wang Baoqiang was a plain boy. Qin Guan made a decision and scheduled an appointment with him.

The film "Mei Lanfang" was based on a real person's story. If it succeeded, it would become a classic, but if it failed, the consequences would be terrible. He had to have a meeting with his team.

When his schedule was ready, Qin Guan realized that he would have a lot of spare time during the next half of 2007. Thus, he decided to carry out his evil plan and try his best to achieve his next goal. He wanted to have a baby.

A striking man showed up at the construction site of the Olympic stadium. The young man made Cong Nianwei's work a lot of fun.

"Did you know that directors from different departments will inspect our work today?"

"I had no idea. I only pay attention to Qin Guan."

"..."

"Don't be nervous. The directors won't even look at us. They will just shake hands with the chief engineer."

"I prefer my part-time job over their long, tedious speeches."

"Exactly. I'm so tired these days. If I don't get a big enough bonus, I won't accept another job like this."

"It's a rare chance, though. My classmates envy me for this chance. It's a precious experience for a future architect."

The man, who wasn't taking the inspection seriously, took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one up amid the blowing wind.

# Chapter 971: A Good Script

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As the pillar of Huayi, Director Feng had never had to worry about finding capital.

"We should rethink the leftover scripts. Indie films are not profitable. Most people won't pay to watch them, but they are necessary for the Chinese market. Director Chen Kaige is sincere."

Why do all of you keep glancing at me? Am I such a narrow-minded man?

Qin Guan was speechless. He had filed that lawsuit because the director had done something wrong. This hadn't been personal. He considered the matter resolved. Qin Guan thought of himself as a reasonable man that never passed on his anger to others.

However, everyone was looking at him now, so he had to take a stand.

"In my opinion, Chinese films should develop all around. The box office is only one factor. The operator of the company could just carry out the original plan. I have no objections to that."

The person in charge of public relations let out a long sigh of relief. She was glad to see the shareholders and directors talk harmoniously. When they didn't, things were tougher for her.

"Okay. Then we can get back to Director Chen about his proposal for 'Mei Lanfang'."

"Chen has gone through lots of difficulties during the past few years. After that Waterloo, it took more than one year for him to prepare for his next film, yet he has finally returned to his field of expertise. That's great. It's much harder for directors to transform than it is for actors."

"Yes. Not everyone is good at shooting commercial films. Chinese directors should stick to their own style and principles."

This was just polite conversation. In fact, if they were given enough money and good actors, every director would transform, regardless of their style. Nobody would pass on such a chance.

"The final project is a franchise collaboration with Tiancheng. It's a big production, so a single company wouldn't qualify. If necessary, we'll unite agencies from Hong Kong, Macau and Taiwan. The franchise includes two films, each one for every year. John Woo will direct. The actors are still being cast."

"All the departments can come up with suggestions for the casting. We'll leave Qin Guan's issue for later."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"Now, let's talk about TV series. Nowadays, the market is filled with martial art and historical shows. The Ministry of Culture has specifically pointed out that film and TV production companies should be more creative and shoot shows about ordinary people or army life."

"I have two good scripts in my hands. One of them I got thanks to Qin Guan. The other one came from Director Zhao Baogang. Everyone must be familiar with him."

Thanks to me?

Although Qin Guan was confused, he didn't break in. He just listened to the speaker.

"'Struggle' is a city drama about young people's lives. It stands out among the scripts, as it has nothing to do with family or neighborhood relations. Plus, we do not have to invest much in it."

"Yes, that's pretty good."

After a short discussion, the show was approved.

"The other show is more controversial. Are you familiar with former General Tan from the Beijing Military Region?"

Who?

"I heard that he was your neighbor in Yantai..."

Grandpa Tan? Where was Grandpa Sun then?

"In 2002, the Beijing Modern Drama Troupe made a theater play out of it. Its original name was 'Erna Raid'. It was awarded at the Chinese Theater Festival. I wonder why the old general sent it to you. The scriptwriter also agreed to the proposal."

"The investment will be left up to you."

A good neighbor was better than a brother in another town. Qin Guan nodded repeatedly in excitement. He decided that he would both invest and star in the project.

Actually, this was treasure. If it was made into a TV series, it would win even more awards. Its literature and cultural awards already indicated its distinction.

This was Qin Guan's opportunity to star in another classic and make profit from it.

Qin Guan tried his best to calm down.

"I remember him. He is my neighbor. I value his trust, so I won't disappoint him. The budget is not much. I can cover it independently. Are there any regulations or sharing arrangements?"

"Yes," an assistant replied.

"Okay." Qin Guan nodded. "We will follow the company's rules and procedures."

What a considerate shareholder! He was even willing to take a risk for his company.

The big drama was yet to come.

# Chapter 972: China's Road

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"Have you joined a team in college with your tutor?"

"Yes."

"What's his annual project funding? Is it millions? Billions? That's the basic price for a famous professor. Plus, how many architects win international awards? How many architects graduate from renowned colleges every year? How many graduates have the ability to open their own firms?"

"Most people try their best to get a government position, which makes them practically no profit. Then, they have to wait for a promotion based on their seniority. This is the status quo of the Chinese construction industry. There are too many people involved in it."

"Experience is an advantage in your CV, but it's not enough for you to stand out. You are still a poor young architect."

The young man, who was not convinced, pointed to Cong Nianwei, who was far away.

"Sister Cong Nianwei is just as young, but she is really down-to-earth. She does not work for the government. What's her end game?"

The elder man smiled.

"I do admit that she really loves her job. However, her silly husband is filthy rich. If you have a billionaire for a husband, of course you can focus on architectural design and becoming a famous architect. Unfortunately, you don't have that kind of talent or luck."

"You are biased! She is a good architect and Qin Guan is just as talented. He is not some silly guy!"

"He is silly if he turned away a whole forest for a single tree."

The young man looked over again and saw Qin Guan show up with a cup of juice.

"Wei, take a sip and rest a little. Your lips are dry..."

Qin Guan had no time to pay attention to anyone else. Cong Nianwei occupied his mind completely.

I must keep her in high spirits. 2008 is my lucky year. Our wedding has to take place in spring. March would be ideal. I should nourish her body before that. She is too tired. Will she be okay if she has to give birth to a child?

Everyone was lost in their own thoughts. Cong Nianwei was focused on her work, while Qin Guan was thinking of having a baby.

Suddenly, an inspection group showed up. It was already familiar with everyone on the construction site, so Qin Guan attracted the directors' attention.

"Who is that?" one of them asked.

"It's Qin Guan. He is the president of QC accounting firm," an assistant replied.

"Is he our partner?"

"No, he is an actor. He has won acting awards in Cannes, Berlin and Venice and starred in Director Zhang Yimou's film."

"Oh, it's him. Why would an actor open an accounting firm?"

"He is a businessman first and an actor second."

The assistant made a short introduction about Qin Guan. He made sure to mention his achievements and his place on the Forbes Ranking List.

By that time, Qin Guan ranked 108th on the list. His firm could also be considered the most successful one in China. Even though it was a local accounting firm, QC had some advantages over the four biggest international accounting firms. After a short while,

those foreigners would discover China's road to economic development.

Thus, Qin Guan was not worried about China's temporarily inferior position in the high-end market. He also remained calm about the fortune people made on the internet. In his opinion, the Chinese economy shouldn't be relying on real estate or the internet. If their nation remained this unhealthy, it would follow into Japan's or the US' footsteps someday.

# Chapter 973: The Sixth Fuwa

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As a promising young man from another field, he had naturally attracted the directors' attention. They felt uncomfortable watching such a young man idling around and flattering his wife.

"A young idler eventually becomes an old beggar. Mr. Qin has made great achievements, but he should still work harder."

"He seems too carefree."

"The Tourism Bureau will be producing an official promotional film for the Olympics. Isn't he an international award-winning actor? He could have a chance of participating in it. How many fans does he have?"

"There are 90 million foreign users on his website."

"Good, we could use such an advantage. Don't you need help, Lao Gao?"

"Of course. I think he would be perfect for the China Airlines video."

"I think he could portray Fuwa, the mascots of the Olympics."

"People always call him a lucky boy. He could be the sixth Fuwa."

"He will be a good resource of money. Ha ha!"

After a short discussion, the directors found a new way to make money.

Qin Guan was unaware of his impending misfortune. He was talking with Cong Nianwei about having dinner later, when Wang pulled him away.

"Brother Qin, our studio has accepted some jobs for you."

"What? I have already told them that I'm on vacation. What jobs? Is it the money that blinded them?"

"You'll get paid one penny for three films."

"What the f\*ck?"

"It's three promotional films for China Airlines, the Tourism Bureau and the Olympics. China Airlines is footing the bill."

Okay, that wouldn't take him a long time.

"Fine. I'll do the Olympics film for Cong Nianwei's sake, but who would dare hire me without paying me?"

"The National Tourism Administration is responsible for the promotion, publicity and national image of the 2008 Olympic Games in China. It's also in charge of the popularization of Chinese culture and China's influence on tourism. The video will air in hundreds of countries. It's a rare chance. Money is not important."

Well, that sounds reasonable.

"But why did they approach me together all of a sudden? When did they inform our studio?"

They just had...

Wang shot a look at the group of people who were leaving the site. She believed that they were responsible for the jobs. Sister Xue sounded just as confused on the other end of the line.

When Qin Guan turned around and looked in the same direction, he saw one of the directors waving at him. An assistant next to him gestured at him to call them.

Qin Guan realized who the source of his new job was.

As he shared the story with Cong Nianwei, she burst into laughter.

"Why do you look so sad? Plenty of people would fight over such a chance."

"I wanted to stay with you and watch you work, but now I don't have any time. This could harm our relationship."

You are just lazy, darling.

# Chapter 974: The National Promotional Film

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After a good night's sleep, Qin Guan took Cong Nianwei to the construction site and headed reluctantly to his office. He had a gut feeling when it came to anything related to national interests.

As expected, he saw a strange smile on Sister Xue's face. Wang didn't even dare to look up at him.

"Tell me all the details! What's up with your expressions?"

Wang hastened to give him a file. Qin Guan glanced inside and saw some normal proposals.

The problem apparently was not in the job itself.

"And here is the job of the Fuwa representative."

"Is that the job the Olympic Organizing Committee proposed?"

"Yes, obviously. You will be in charge of the mascot sales. Franchise stores will be set up in second-level cities, and your photos will appear along with the Fuwa, the Water Cube and the Bird's Nest. The Olympic Organizing Committee trusts you."

What a great job! Why am I not getting paid? This is unfair!

As a patriotic young man, Qin Guan had decided to sacrifice himself for his nation.

Actually, the promotional film had been scheduled after 2003, when China had won the Olympics bid competition.

The foreign promotional film would have to meet the requirements of the Olympic Organizing Committee and promote the image of the ancient, vigorous Chinese cities and China's flourishing development all over the world. The viewfinder era, the number of participating extras and the careful selection of the landscape was a first-time experience for Chinese documentaries.

The short, almost 18-minute promotional film would be a synopsis of a history of a thousand years. Every director who was involved in the project considered this less than enough. Culture, humanity, and geography aside, how could such a beautiful country be shown adequately in such a short film?

Thus, when the directors found out that the committee had hired another Chinese star for the short documentary, they were unhappy with its decision.

Are you kidding? No Chinese star is that popular internationally. Nobody would recognize them around the world. Not unless this person is Qin Guan. At least one person out of 50 would recognize him.

As a result, the director was excited when he saw Qin Guan enter the studio.

"Ha! It's you! The committee always causes me trouble. You are the only exception!"

"You are so polite, sir. I was caught off guard too, you know. I'm sorry to trouble you."

"No, no. At first, we only selected ordinary people for the film. It was hard for us to hire a star because of our limited alternative choices. You are different, though. You are popular around the world. You are the first actor from the Chinese mainland to own a star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame. You are perfect for this film."

Qin Guan had to work hard, both for the film and for the director!

# Chapter 975: Air China

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The newly-built Olympic stadium looked like a beautiful landscape as Qin Guan faced the blue Water Cube and turned his back to the camera. His slender figure was the most outstanding stroke on the painting.

He turned around and smiled, as if he had just met a long-lost good friend. The sky was clear and the breeze seemed to slow down. It felt like he was asking the audience, "Are you here yet? I have been waiting for you for a long time."

Anyone who saw his smile would reply, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Cut! Well done, Qin Guan. Thank you for your help."

"I'm flattered. I should be the one expressing my gratitude for the opportunity to reach people globally."

"No, you have really helped a lot..."

"You are so polite, sir..."

Wang broke in and put an end to their conversation by handing Qin Guan his schedule.

"It's time to go, Brother Qin. We have an appointment with Air China."

"Really? Okay, let's go!"

When their car left the site, Qin Guan turned and told Wang, his heart still fluttering in fear, "He was so emotional, I couldn't say no to him. That would be like bullying him. This is not right for me. I prefer a calm director."

His wish came true soon. He found a calm director waiting for him in the lounge. The man didn't say a single word during the introduction. He only expressed himself by nodding or shaking his head.

Even during the shooting, he used gestures or body language to express his feelings.

Fortunately, Qin Guan was good at understanding and had experience in dealing with different kinds of directors.

Plus, Air China was a generous company. They had offered Qin Guan free flights for 10 years. Although this money was just pennies for a rich guy like him, this showed the company's sincerity.

They also wanted to accommodate Qin Guan's personal schedule and arrange their shooting during his next trip to America. Qin Guan decided to do his best for the film.

He turned into a businessman again before the camera. He was wearing a suit and leather shoes as he got out of a red business car. There was even a Bluetooth headset hanging from his ears.

He walked steadily, holding a silver suitcase in his hands, as if he was heading to an important business meeting.

As soon as he entered the VIP lounge of Air China, the short film was finished.

During the break, Qin Guan asked the staff a question.

"Do VIPs enjoy a free pick-up service? I had no idea about that."

Although Qin Guan had a VIP Air China card, he had never used that service.

"All our VIP members can use that service after booking their tickets. Most people prefer using private cars, though. If you are interested in this service, we can provide you with a guide."

# Chapter 976: A Lovely Director

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When this question was answered, Qin Guan went through the standard passenger procedure. He passed the safety check and got on his flight to London.

The first-class cabin was a sight to behold. When the viewers were presented with the comfortable environment, Qin Guan's job was over.

It was a sunny day, so sunshine went through the portholes. The broad seats, the bright cabin, the considerate flight attendants... Every detail reflected the outstanding services of Air China. Of course, one had to have enough money to enjoy them.

Qin Guan did what he usually did during a flight. Soon, he turned off his light and fell asleep on the adjustable chair. The film crew left the cabin silently and went to their own seats.

At last, the director's assistant had the opportunity to ask him some questions.

"Are you angry about this assignment, sir? You know that everyone starts their career by shooting music videos and advertisements. Air China is actually a good chance for a rookie like you. Besides, Qin Guan is the protagonist! So many directors will envy you. Hey! What are you thinking about? I'm talking to you!"

Is there something wrong with the guy? He hasn't said anything ever since he met Qin Guan.

Director Wen came back to his senses when the assistant patted his back. He rubbed his stiff face and turned around slowly to face the assistant.

"What did I just do, Liu?"

"Are you kidding? You just filmed an ad for Air China."

"Oh. Was Qin Guan the protagonist?"

"Of course. You're scaring me, Wen. Are you okay? Did you lose your memory?"

The director came out of his reverie. He hadn't been able to fall asleep at night ever since he had heard the news. When he had actually met Qin Guan personally, he had been stupefied. His mind had gone completely blank.

Although he had gotten to work automatically, he only came back to reality when Qin Guan disappeared.

When his assistant found out the reason behind his behavior, he was left speechless. The first thing he did was play back the film. He was afraid that Wen would ruin it in this state.

Soon, he let out a sigh of relief. The ad could be considered Wen's best work. It was an inspired film without any commercial characteristics.

"Could you do me a favor, Liu?"

"What kind of favor?"

"Could you ask Qin Guan for an autograph on my behalf?"

"Why? You could ask him yourself."

"I'm too nervous to do it..."

Qin Guan smiled and granted his request. The flight attendants caught on, too.

"I really like your films, Qin Guan. I hope you will release even better ones next year."

"Thanks. Maybe you won't need to wait till next year. Two American films of mine will premiere in China during the Spring Festival. One of them is a sci-fi thriller and the other one is a comedy. There is one for everyone."

Actually, both films were really funny, but the one that had been

shot in the museum was especially so. Children would like such a funny, educational film, so the Chinese critics accepted the two Hollywood blockbusters easily.

The long queue for an autograph came to an end when the flight attendant approached Qin Guan with three pieces of paper. She wanted to ask for an autograph for the pilot and co-pilot as well.

Qin Guan left the airport without seeing his silent fans again. As soon as he landed, his job came to a temporary end.

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